

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

AUGUST, 1809.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE
ROMAN POETS.

No. 6.

LUCAN.

THE Pharsalia of Lucan has divided criticks as much as any production of the ancient poets. Diversity of opinion is found among them, concerning the genius of its author, the nature of his poem, the knowledge that he displays, and the style in which his thoughts are clothed. Unlike the criticisms on Virgil, which are distinguished chiefly by the greater or less degree of praise that is bestowed upon the poet, those upon Lucan are marked, in many instances, either by the extreme of unqualified admiration, or that of unmixed censure.

They who are disposed to undervalue his genius, while they allow that he manifests a bold and vigorous intellect, deny that he had judgment sufficient to chastise it. While they grant that his eloquence is sometimes highly impassioned, they affirm also that his passion is wholly unrestrained by reason. And while they admit that his descriptions of characters are not wanting in vivacity, they are unwilling to concede, that he discovers any nice discrimination in assigning them their parts in the action of the poem. Others again ascribe to him all the good qualities of vehement oratory, without any of the defects or excesses with which it is generally attended. They class his descriptions of characters among his greatest excellences; and vindicate the personages from the charge of impropriety, in the parts they sustain, and in every thing that they are made to utter. Some have ventured even farther, and given him the preference to Virgil, for exact delineation of individual character, and regard to the situations and circumstances of the subordinate actors.

The variety of knowledge and talents displayed by Lucan, has not been overlooked by commentators and scholiasts. Some, enlisting under Quintilian, contend for his pre-eminence as an orator. Finding him ardent, impetuous, and forceful in his style, as well as bold and gallant in his sentiments of liberty, they seem in a manner to forget that he was a poet, while they are giving their unqualified testimony in favour of his eloquence. But if they have found the prominent and characteristick feature of his poem, it can hardly be worth preserving, except to contrast the affected oratory of a new school in the reign of Nero, with its real splendour and magnificence in the time of Cicero, and its display in the person of that orator.

It has been discovered, in addition to this, that Lucan was a distinguished theologist and politician, a learned geographer, an astronomer and a mathematician. And it is true, that we are indebted to him, in some of these capacities, for the most tedious parts of his poem.

Apart from these accidents, (to speak logically) it is proper to inquire into the substance of the poem. Every one knows its main object; and all who have read it will acknowledge its merits, as containing a portion of history, narrated in a manner highly interesting, though not uninterrupted by matter foreign to the work of the historian. Its subject is civil war, in which Caesar and Pompey are the prominent characters opposed; and the reader is artfully introduced to the real calamities which it occasioned, before its particulars are recited. Such being the subject of Lucan's poem, and the scenes described being of a recent date, he had only to unite the fidelity of the historian with harmony of numbers and dignity of manner, to complete his principal design. We come then to the great question in controversy, whether the *Pharsalia* of Lucan be an *Epick* poem. The answer must depend on the definition of such a poem. When we look back to the two great *Epick* poets who preceded him, to Homer and Virgil, we find, that the principal achievement which formed the subject of the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, or the *Eneid*, while it is suspended amidst a variety of subordinate action, is constantly kept in view, and brought to a perfect close. This unity of action, to which every thing else is subsidiary, is the basis of this kind of poem. Without such a foundation, no composition, whatever be its length or its variety of excellences, deserves to be entitled *Epick*.

So far, no reason appears for excluding Lucan from the list of *Epick* poets. The action is one, and terminates in the subversion of Roman liberty by the victories of Caesar. The field is abundantly extensive, the subject is sufficiently heroick, and the action is generally sustained with dignity and grandeur, and would probably have been brought to a perfect close, if the poet's life had been spared.

After conceding all this to the fondest admirers of Lucan, if our criticisms be founded wholly upon the great productions

of Homer and Virgil, there are deficiencies in the *Pharsalia*, by which its title to a place among Epick poems is forfeited.

It is one thing to ascertain and point out what embellishments a particular species of composition admits, and another to show what it requires. *Fiction* has been considered by several writers essential to the *Epopee*: and finding the poem under consideration almost destitute of this embellishment, they have been ready to eject it from this distinction. These writers have considered fiction thus essential, because it is interwoven with the real action, in the works of those who, from general consent, have, by the structure of their poems, given laws to this kind of writing. But the introduction of fictitious events, and of characters framed in the author's own imagination, into the account of popular commotions and bloody battles, well known from their recent date, the actors in which have just passed off the stage, would rather disgust by its violation of historical fidelity, than excite greater interest and enthusiasm, even in those whom fiction, in its proper place, would captivate and delight. The absence of fiction, therefore, however questionable it may render the rank of the poem, cannot be attributed to the *Pharsalia* as a fault.

It may be thought that no reasons of equal force can be assigned, to vindicate Lucan from a fault of a little different nature. Finding as we do, that the principal human actors in the *Pharsalia* are suffered to form their own plans, to excite the courage of their own adherents, and to fight their own battles, without the constant intervention of supernatural agents, the inquiry becomes natural, whether the prevailing superstition of the age were not strong enough to justify the poet in the use of machinery. On the other hand it is to be asked, whether the recent occurrence of the historical facts related, render its introduction impertinent. There is always credulity enough in mankind to believe what is not absolutely impossible in its nature; and where religion, true or false, has made a strong impression on the mind, the understanding does not suddenly revolt at the intervention of beings superiour to man, if the poet have art enough to make us think the action worthy of the agent. It must be granted, on the contrary, that to have interspersed in the *Pharsalia* the fables of the gods, and to have described minutely, according to the vulgar superstition, as well their counsels as what they performed, would have been a capital fault. I conclude, therefore, that, while the nature of the poem does not allow the liberal use of machinery, it does not exclude it altogether.

The only remaining question on this subject is, whether the omission of machinery, (for there is little embellishment in the poem that is founded on super-human agency) be a real defect. In order to decide this, it would be necessary to enter upon the general question, respecting its admission into Epick poetry. This, however, is not the place for such discussion. The

opinion of Lord Kaimes, that it ought to be entirely exploded, because, in his apprehension it becomes so associated in the mind with the real action, as to give an air of fiction to the whole, should not be too hastily adopted: but the advice of Horace, like most of his rules and sentiments in matters of taste, is founded in genuine wisdom:

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.

Allowing the want of fiction and machinery to be a defect in things, that have been uniformly considered as important features in Epick poetry, a defect to be attributed chiefly to the subject, still the Pharsalia may be ranked among Epick poems. The dignity of its character, founded in the history itself, in the manner in which it is treated, and in the conduct of the principal actors, entitles it to this station, however unwilling we are to dispense with those peculiar badges of distinction that belong to it.

The episodes of Lucan, which constitute almost the only embellishment of the Pharsalia, are very unequal; sometimes also of unreasonable length, degenerating into dry disquisitions, and interrupting the narrative without enlivening it. Among the best of these are the story of Hercules and Antaeus, which is naturally introduced by the inquiries of Curio; and the account of the origin, the manner of delivery, and the present silence of the oracle of Delphi, which follows the consulting of the oracle by Appius, praetor of Achaia. The parting of Pompey and his wife, at the end of the fifth book, has so much of tenderness, that we wonder for a moment, that Lucan seemed to take so much delight in scenes of cruelty.

Opposite as are the opinions of different criticks upon the general character of the Pharsalia, none has contended, that its style is faultless. Good writing was evidently on the decline, at the period when Lucan lived; and the family of the Senecas, to which he belonged, is charged with no inconsiderable share of influence in promoting its corruption. Inequalities in the style of Lucan are found throughout the poem; and there is a certain something, which has been branded with the name of affectation, that frequently occasions obscurity. His uncommon and far-fetched epithets, and his efforts for point and smartness, tend in part to produce this obscurity, and have exposed him to the censure of criticks. The language of a declaimer too is frequently loose, and sometimes puerile, and more frequently than either harsh and unpolished. From faults of this kind Lucan is not entirely free.

These blemishes, however, are not without apology. When we consider that Lucan wrote after the middle of the first century, when the most splendid period of Roman literature had passed away; that he died at twenty-seven years of age under

the sentence of Nero ; and that he neither filled up his outline, nor completely finished that part of the poem, which has descended to us, it would be unreasonable to look for the greatest refinement of sentiment, elegance of language, or harmony of versification. Had he lived longer, he would probably have curtailed his episodes, smoothed his verses, and produced a more polished work. And the brilliant exploits of Caesar and Pompey would have been less frequently interrupted by a confusion of extraneous character and unconnected incidents.

Having remarked at greater length than was intended upon the poem itself, it is necessary to defer to the next number any observations upon the English versions of the *Pharsalia*.

*
FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

[The following letter, purporting to have been written by Columbus at Jamaica, after the discovery of Terra Firma from the Oronoko westward, Mexico, and Veragua, on his last voyage, was many years ago published as a genuine relick of that great navigator. It is a very ingenious fiction, relating the events that happened to Columbus after he was driven on that island, with his reflections on his former labours and present situation. That it is a fiction is, however, sufficiently apparent, since it mentions the mutiny of Porras, which did not break out till long after Mendez was sent to procure relief, and the mission of Ovando to spy out his situation, which was the consequence of the very despatches that Mendez received from the admiral. He is also made to say, that he and his companions had lain more than ten months in the open air on the decks of his vessels, which was not true. The natives received him well, and the Spaniards, probably, lodged on shore. Besides, the letter was sent within a month after the shipwreck ; and had it been ten months, the letter should have been dated 1504, for Columbus was cast away in June 1503.

It is a most interesting specimen of eloquence, though perhaps more declamatory, than the admiral's character will justify. From the phraseology we conclude, it was written in the Spanish language. We have sometimes thought it a little remarkable that no one ever pretended to have found the account of his first voyage, sealed up in a cask by Columbus on his return from the discovery of America, while expecting instant death from the violence of a tempest, hoping, if he should be lost, that a relation of so much importance to mankind would be preserved.] ED. ANTH.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

JAMAICA, 1503.

AUGUST SIRE,

FROM Diego Mendez, and the papers I send by him, your majesty will learn the richness of the gold mines I have discovered in the province of Ver-Agua, and the intention I had formed of leaving my brother at the river Belem, if the vicissitudes of life and the decrees of heaven had permitted. What-

ever may happen, it is of little importance to the unfortunate Columbus; whether the honour of finishing these discoveries and forming establishments be reserved for some one, happier than himself, provided your majesty and your successors reap the glory and advantage. If by God's permission Mendez arrive in Spain, I doubt not he will succeed in convincing your majesty and my august mistress, that it is not a chateau and a park that I have added to your dominions, but a whole world, with innumerable subjects, a soil fertile beyond example, riches exceeding all the imagination can conceive, or avarice covet!

But alas! nor Mendez, nor this letter, nor any mortal tongue can describe the troubles and sufferings of mind and body which I have endured, nor the dangers and miseries to which my son, and my brother, and my friends are exposed! For more than ten months have we lain in the open air, on the decks of our vessels, run aground on the coast, and fastened together. Those of my people who have kept their health have mutinied, at the instigation of Perras of Seville: those who have remained faithful are sick and dying. We have consumed all the provisions of the Indians, so that they have abandoned us: thus famine menaces us with death! To those evils are joined so many aggravating circumstances, that in truth it would be difficult to find on the face of the earth a being more wretched than Columbus. One would think that heaven aided the rage of my enemies, and imputed to me, as crimes, my discoveries and my services. O Heaven, and you, ye saints, who inhabit it, permit the king Don Ferdinand, and my illustrious sovereign Donna Isabella, to know that I am the most miserable of men, and that I have become so only from my zeal for their service and interest!

No:—There can be no sufferings equal to mine! I see, with horror, the approach of my destruction, and still more, that of my brave companions, who have sacrificed all to follow me.

Almost sinking under the weight of my misery, what avails the titles of viceroy and perpetual admiral, except to render me more odious in the sight of the Spanish nation? It is evident that every thing conspires to shorten the thread of my life; for, besides being old and cruelly tormented with the gout, I languish and expire under other infirmities, among savages, with whom I find neither remedies or aliments for the body, nor ministers or sacraments for the soul; in the midst of my rebel crews, with my son, my brother, my friends, sick and perishing with pain and hunger, and deprived even of savage succour!

The bishop of Santo Domingo sent a messenger here, but it was rather to inform himself whether I was dead, than to offer me assistance, for his people neither brought or would receive a letter, and refused even to speak to us; from which I conclude that my enemies are waiting with the expectation that here will terminate my voyages and my life!

Blessed mother of God, who compassionates the unhappy and the oppressed! why was I not suffered to perish when Cenell

Bovadilla ravished from us (my brother and myself) the gold we had so dearly acquired, and sent us to Spain, loaded with chains, without the least pretence of justice, or the shadow of a crime?

These chains! These chains, the only treasures which remain, I will have interred in my tomb, if a tomb is allowed me! I hope, for the honour of the Spanish name, that the remembrance of an act so tyrannical and unjust should be buried with me.

My death would have deprived Ovanda of the satisfaction of seeing us ten or twelve months afterwards fall the victims of envious men, as inexorable as the fatality of circumstances.... Ah! holy mother of God, let not the Castilian name be tarnished with new infamy.... Let not future ages know that there existed men so vile, so cowardly, as to seek to recommend themselves to Ferdinand, by destroying the too unfortunate Columbus, not for his crimes, but for his exclusive right to the glory of having discovered and given a new world to Spain.

Great God, it was thy work. It was thou who didst inspire and guide me in this enterprise; take then pity on me, and soften in my favour, those hearts which still feel the sentiments of humanity and justice!

And you, ye blessed spirits, who know my innocence and see my sufferings, have compassion on the age in which I live, too envious and too much hardened in vice to be affected by my fate.

No hope remains to console me, but my reliance on the pity and justice of future generations; they certainly will pity me, when they shall learn that at my cost and expense, at the risque and peril of my life, and that of my brother, and with the little aid from the crown of Spain, I have rendered to it in the space of twelve years, and during our voyages, services, such as mortal never before rendered to his country and his king, and that the only recompense I have received, is to be left to perish, after having stripped me of every thing but my irons; so that the man who gave a world to Spain, has not a cabin in which he can shelter himself or his wretched family!

Good angels, protectors of the innocent and oppressed! bear this letter to my august mistress; she knows all I have suffered for her glory and her service, and she will be humane and just enough, to snatch from misery, wretchedness and death, the son and brother of the man who has opened to Spain such inexhaustible sources of wealth, who has added to its dominions kingdoms and empires of unknown extent; she cannot, will not suffer them to beg the bread they eat! If she still lives, she will dread, lest the cruelty and ingratitude with which I have been treated, may provoke the anger of heaven to punish a succeeding generation for the transgressions of their fathers, by permitting other nations to despoil the Spanish empire of the riches and the world which I have discovered.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, ADDRESSED TO MRS. (MISS) ANNE JUSTICE, UPON THE PAVEMENT, YORK.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS.

I'M sure, dear Nanny, you'll excuse my silence this bout: this last fortnight has been wholly taken up in receiving visits of congratulation upon my brother's wedding. My new sister is to passe the summer in the house with me, so you may be sure I shall have very little time to my selfe. I am perfectly ignorant of the marriage you mean, and so dull I can't guesse the name of the lord whose character you say is so good. If you are not at Scoffton this summer, I must despair of seeing you. I fancy about the latter end of this month we shall be going into Nottinghamshire. I writ to Mrs. B. three or four posts ago, and told her I heard she was going to be married; and gave her good advice, to forget Mr. Vane and take the first lover her relations proposed to her....pray write me word if she follows it. I allwaies wish her very well. The small-pox rages dreadfully, and has carried off several people here: that, and the heat of the weather, makes me wish myselfe in the country. My eyes are something better, for I was not able to write for a good while; but they are still weak, and make me, sooner than I otherwaie would, tell you, that I am, dear Nanny,

JUNE 5.

Your's to serve you.

To Mrs. Anne Justice, York.

Ay, ay, as you say, my dear, men are vile inconstant toads. Mr. Vane could never write with the brisk air if he had any sorrow in his heart; however, the letter is realy pritty, and gives me a good opinion of his understanding, tho' none of his fidelity; I think they seldom go together. You are much in the right not to undeceive Mrs. B. I would not have her know any thing to vex her, as such a piece of news needs must. Poor lady!..... but she's happy in being more discreet than I could be. On the other hand, I could beat Mr. Vane, as much a pritty gentleman as I hear he is. I'll swear, by his letter, he seems to have more mind to rival Mr. Crotchrode than break his heart for Mrs. B.

I shall neither see dear Mrs. Justice, nor any of my north country friends, this year. I'm got into the west, over the hills and far away. Here is nothing to be lik'd that I can find; every

thing in the same mode and fashion as in the days of king Arthur and the knights of the round table. In the hall, a great shovel board table and antick suits of armour; the parlour furnish'd with right reverend turkey work chairs and carpets; and for books, the famous History of Amadis de Gaul, and the book of Martyrs, with wooden cuts; and for company, not a mortal man but the parson of the parish, some fourscore or thereabouts: you know I was never a violent friend to the cloth, but I must make a virtue of necessity, and talk to him or nobody. This is the present posture of my affairs, which you must own very dismal. Times may mend; there is nothing sure, but that

I am your's.

Direct for me at West-Dean, to be left at Mr. Foulks, a coffee-house, at the Three Lions, in Salisbury, Wiltshire.

The paper I mention'd is very long, and I don't know whether you'll think it worth postage; but if you persist in desiring it, I'll send it you.

JUNE 14.

To Mrs. Anne Justice, York.

NOTHING could be more obliging than so quick a return to my letter, and sending what I enquired for. I pity your poor Strephon, and guesse what effect such a letter must make on your heart. I like of all things his manner of writing, and am sorry all your wishes are not successful. Mr. V—— has been a great dissembler if it breaks off of his side; but 'tis hard to distinguish false love from true. The poor lady is in a sweet pickle; and I am so good-natured to be sorry for all people who have misfortunes, especially of that kind which I think the most touching. I would to God I was with you reading the Atalantis! I know the book, and 'twould be a vast pleasure to me to read some of the storys with you, which are realy very pritty: some part of Eleonora's I like mightily, and all Diana's, which is the more moving because 'tis all true. If you and I was together now we should be very good company, for I'm in a very pritty garden with a book of charming verses in my hand. I don't know when we shall see Mrs. B. but when we do come into that country, is it quite impossible for you to stay a week or so with us? I only hint this, for I know people's inclinations must submit to their conveniencys; only tell me how far it may be possible on your side, and then I'll endeavour it on mine; though a thousand things may happen to make it impossible as to my part. You know you should be allwaies welcome to me, and 'tis none of my fault if I don't see you.

Remember your promise concerning the letters.

To Mrs. Ann Justice, at York.

Yes, yes, my dear, here is woods, and shades, and groves, in abundance. You are in the right on't; 'tis not the place, but the solitude of the place, that is intolerable. 'Tis a horrid thing to see nothing but trees in a wood, and to walk by a purling stream to ogle the gudgeons in it. I'm glad you continue your inclination to reading; 'tis the most improving and most pleasant of all employments, and helps to wear away many melancholy hours. I hear from some Nottinghamshire people, that Mrs. B. is not at all concern'd at the breaking off her match. I wonder at her courage if she is not, and at her prudence in dissembling it if she is. Prudent people are very happy. 'Tis an exceeding fine thing, that's certain; but I was born without it, and shall retain to my day of death the humour of saying what I think; therefore you may believe me, when I protest I am much mortify'd at not seeing the North this year, for a hundred and fifty reasons; amongst the rest, I should have been heartily glad to have seen my lord Holderness. In this hideous country 'tis not the fashion to visit; and the few neighbours there are keep as far from one another as ever they can. The diversion here is walking; which indeed are very pritty all about the house; but then you may walk two mile without meeting a living creature but a few straggling cows. We have been here near this month, and seen but one visitor, and her I never desire to see again, for I never saw such a monster in my life.

I am very sorry for your sore eyes. By this time I hope all's over, and you can see as well as ever. Adieu, my dear. When you drink tea with Mrs. B. drink my health, and do me the justice to believe I wish my selfe with you.

JULY 7.

To Mrs. Anne Justice, York.

I AM very glad you divert yourselfe so well. I endeavour to make my solitude as agreeable as I can. Most things of that kind are in the power of the mind: we may make ourselves easy, if we cannot perfectly happy. The news you tell me very much surprises me. I wish Mrs. B. extremely well, and hope she designs better for her selfe than a stolen wedding, with a man who (you know) we have reason to believe not the most sincere lover upon earth; and since his estate is in such very bad order, I am clearly of your opinion, his best course would be to the army, for I suppose six or seven thousand pound (if he should get that with his mistresse) would not set him up again, and there he might possibly establish his fortune, at least better it, and at worst be rid of all his cares. I wonder all the young men in England don't take that method; certainly the most profitable as well the noblest. I confess I cannot believe Mrs. B. so imprudent to keep on any private correspondence with him. I much doubt her perfect happiness if she runs away with him. I fear she will have more reason than ever to say

there is no such thing. I have just now received the numbers of the great lottery which is drawing: I find my selfe (as yet) among the unlucky; but, thank God, the great prize is not come out, and there's room for hopes still. Prithee, dear child, pray heartily for me. If I win, I don't question (in spite of all our disputes) to find my selfe perfectly happy. My heart goes very much pit-a-pat about it; but I've a horrid ill bodeing mind, that tells me I shan't win a farthing. I should be very very glad to be mistaken in that case. I hear Mrs. B. has been at the Spaw. I wonder you don't mention it. Adieu, my dear. Pray make no more excuses about long letters, and believe your's never seem so to me.

AUGUST 7.

To Mrs. Anne Justice, York.

I AM glad dear Mrs. Ellys finds so much happynesse in the state she has enter'd into. I wish Mrs. B. had been so happy to have so pritty a place, joyn'd with so pritty a gentleman all the world calls Mr. Vane. She dines here to-day with her family. I intend to rally her about Sir William. She is a good-natur'd young woman, and I heartily wish she may find (if that can be) a recompence for the disappointment she has met with in this rouling world. Every mortal has their share; and tho' I persist in my notions of happynesse, I begin to believe nobody ever yet experienced it. What think you? My present entertainment is rideing, which I grow very fond of, and endeavour to lay up a stock of good health, the better to endure the fatigues of life. I hope you are situated in an agreeable place, and good air. You know me, and that I wish you all sorts of pleasures; the world affords few, but such as they are, dear Mrs. Ellys, may you enjoy them all.

SEPT. 10.

To Mrs. Ellys, at Beverly, Yorkshire.

THE Lord save us! what wretches are men! I know that Lord Castlecomare intimately well, and have been very gay in his company. That 'tis possible there should be so inhumane a creature! I pity the poor young lady to the last degree. A man must have a compound of ill-nature, barbarousnesse, and inhumanity, to be able to do such an action. I cannot believe there are many would be guilty of it. I could declaim four hours upon this subject.....'tis something highly ingrateful and perfidious. I know several Lord Castlecomare has made love to, but should have never believ'd him, or any man, so utterly void of all tendernesse and compassion. Had them men women to their mothers! I can hardly believe it. I am of your mind, the young lady is happy if she dies. If he sent her some ratsbane in a letter, 'tis all the kindnesse he can now do, all the recom-

pence he can now make her. I don't question but there are some of our own sex inhumane enough to make a jest of her misfortunes. Especially being a beauty, the public mark of malice, next to plunging people into misery (as that barbarous Lord Castlecomare has done) the greatest piece of ill-nature is insulting them under it. Chiefly those ruin'd for love, perhaps ensnar'd by vows and undone by too much credulity, I alwaies pity the unhappy, without strictly looking into their merit, however their misfortunes come; when they are unfortunate they deserve compassion: and 'tis my maxim never to ridicule the frailties of the wretched of my own sex. You have done me a sensible pleasure in writeing an account of your own affairs; and I desire to know how they proceed; and depend upon it your interests cannot be indifferent to me. If you like Mr. Heber I advise you to take him, if the match is agreeable to your relations. We must do something for the world; and I don't question but your own good humour and his love will make you very happy. 'Tis more prudent to marry to money with nothing else, than every thing else without money, for there's nothing so hard to come by; but that is not your case, since Mr. Heber has money and is agreeable too.....What would you have more?.....Prithee, dear child, don't stand in your own light, and let your next letter be sign'd, A. Heber.

Pray tell me the name of that unfortunate young lady whom you and I pity so much.

SEPT. 22.

To Mrs. A. Justice, at York.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF VENICE, AND THE SPLENDID ENTRANCE OF
BUONAPARTE INTO THAT CITY, IN DECEMBER, 1807.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

ON Saturday November 20, at midnight, I sat off from Trieste accompanied by captain S. with a black servant. We were in a handsome close phaeton, which had been politely offered us by a gentleman in Trieste, and we were to take post horses on the road. Here let me remark this one convenience in travelling in this country, and as it is the only one, I will not let the opportunity escape of giving all the merit due to it. Post houses are established along the road every eight or ten miles, and the post masters are obliged to have horses and postillions always ready for the accommodation of travellers; it is only necessary to have a carriage, and provided you have a passport, horses and drivers are furnished you at each post; and the post-master is under penalty of 50 livres if horses are not to be had.

For two horses and the postillion we paid something less than two dollars each post.

We started however from Trieste with three private horses; we were advised to do this as the post horses at Trieste were very poor, and the first post ten miles to St. Croce, the road moreover bad, leading over the mountains which surround Trieste. These mountains are the continuation of the Alps, and terminate in Istria about 25 or 30 miles to the S. E. of Trieste.

The weather had been wet and boisterous for several days, and the storm was not yet abated; the night was dark, and in this high latitude (46) it was long and disagreeable. The day did not appear till after six o'clock. About eight miles from Trieste we crossed a small river by a rope ferry; the boat was convenient and we drove into it without taking out our horses, or dismounting ourselves; the boatmen however scolded very hard at being called out in a cold stormy night, and asked five florins for putting us over, although they were not five minutes about it: we gave them three and left them grumbling.

In crossing this river we passed from the Austrian, to the French Italian territories, and were received by the French frontier guards who demanded our passports; a very necessary document in this country, and without which one cannot go ten miles ever so peaceably before he is arrested. On producing our passports, with which we had been furnished from the governor of Trieste, we were permitted to go on. About a mile further, and before day light, we were again stopt by the officers of the *Dogana*, (custom house) who routed us out in the rain, took our trunks into their guard room, and after examining them, put the imperial seal on the locks, and we were not permitted to open them again until we should arrive at another custom house and have the seals broken by the proper officer.

We had now descended from the high ground which we had been travelling over during the night, and were arrived upon a fine and vast extended plain which stretches to Venice a distance of more than one hundred miles, bounded on our left by the Adriatic, and on the right by the lofty Alps. These mountains do not tower to the same sublime altitude as in the western parts of Italy, but still they are magnificent. They present an imposing aspect, and their hoary summits display the regions of eternal frost.

We are now in one of the finest countries in the world. This extensive plain is rich by nature, ornamented by art, and beautifully improved by the hand of culture; at this season however, and especially in such rainy and gloomy weather we do not see it in all its glory, nor enjoy the fine prospects it must afford in the summer. It is finely laid out in vineyards, fields and gardens. The fields are covered with thrifty grain which promises to yield in the spring abundantly the gifts of Ceres; whilst the luxuriant vine, whose wandering branches are still fresh, declare the bounties lately supplied by the rosy god.

As we had come from Trieste with three fresh horses, we did not change them till we reached Malfaconde, the second post: here we took post horses and sent the private ones back.

It was now about eight o'clock, it was a cold and rainy morning, and although we wanted refreshment, we could get none; for notwithstanding the country is so rich, the inhabitants appear to be miserably poor. The post-houses are not like our good New England taverns, where you see the inviting inscription of *Entertainment for man and horse* in gilt capitals hung up over the door: it is only the horses that find entertainment here, and you search in vain for any thing but straw and provender. As soon therefore as we could have our horses shifted, we drove on, and in a few miles came up with the Isonzo, which in a dry season is but a small river, but which had been so swelled by the late rains as to be scarcely passable. We were detained half an hour for the ferrymen to prepare; the boat was not constructed to drive the carriage into it; we were obliged to dismount, take the horses out, and drag it in by hand. It rained very hard all this time, the river was wide and very rapid, and the high wind had made considerable sea; the agitation of the waves and the impetuosity of the current rendered the boat unmanageable, and had we struck upon a shoal which appeared a little below us, our situation would have been perilous: I did not feel safe myself, and one poor woman, among the rest of the passengers, in doleful accents cried *Jesu Maria!* all the way over. Here the ferrymen demanded fifteen florins.

We were wet, fatigued, and hungry, but as we could get nothing to eat in midst of all the bounties of nature, we drove on and occasionally regaled on the small stock we had providently brought along with us.

About noon we were stopped by another branch of the Isonzo; this had overflowed its banks, filled the road for a mile before we came up with it, and the inundation would have spread over all the adjoining fields and vineyards had they not been dyked, or banked to prevent it. It was impossible to pass here, and we were obliged to return about a mile, to a small village, and there take up our quarters for the night. The inn was sufficiently large, but it was intolerably dirty, and our accommodation and entertainment none of the best.

We were conducted to a chamber in which was a bed of husks, two old chairs, and an oak table. The chamber opened into a large hall, which was decorated with several portrait paintings in a villainous style enough, and these were every thing of furniture to be found in it; it was an empty court or anti-chamber through which you passed to several smaller apartments round it. Our hostess was a good-natured woman and did every thing she could to please us, but being entirely ignorant of our tastes and manner of living, she succeeded very ill in her endeavours. She made us some coffee, but insisted upon stirring it up, and said the thick of it was the best; I told her if she would only let

it rest a while and give me the thin, she should be very welcome to the best of it herself.

The kitchen was the greatest curiosity in the house, as well for its furniture as for its construction and variety of its tenants. The fire-place was detached from the sides of the room, and benches placed all round it. As we could not be accommodated with fire in any other part of the house, we were glad to mix with the motley company here, and wet and cold as we were, to enjoy the comfort of fire, though incommoded in other respects. Besides the family, some neighbour gossips, village peasants, ostlers and postillions, assembled round the fire; all the domestick animals resorted here with the utmost ease and freedom; the pigs and poultry seemed to enjoy a common right in this apartment, and if at any time that right was denied them, they disputed for the privilege with a true spirit of democrattick equality. They run their busy noses into every pail, kettle, and cooking utensil, in search of booty, and in blowing the contents of them about the floor contributed their share in rendering our retreat not the most cleanly place in the world. The flooring was of stone, the wet and filth made it extremely slippery, and the depth and density of the nauseous fluid was sufficient to resist the efforts of any instrument of cleanliness less powerful than a shovel. This description will serve for Italian kitchens in general.

We slept the night at this inn, and at eight o'clock the next morning past with ease the river which the day before had stopt our progress. The inundation had subsided, and the river was contracted within its natural banks.

Before we arrived at the next post we crossed another branch of the Isonzo, and this was the last water we had to cross by boat, until we got to Mestre, opposite to Venice.

On the western bank of this branch we met a troop of French light dragoons conducted by an officer with large whiskers, and the cordon d'honneur at his button hole. Whether the appendage to his face or to his lappel did him most honour I cannot pretend to say. Beards, we know, were once considered honourable; in scripture times it was a disgrace to be without them; and that of Hudibras we are told

—— was the equal grace
Both of his honour and his face.

And I doubt whether so much can be said in favour of this upstart badge of the red ribbon, though so many princes in Europe have lately put it on, and put off their independence and such like dignities as a condition of wearing it. We left this doughty knight with his troop in a heavy rain, waiting to get over by three horses at a time in the ferry boat.

A few miles from this river we arrived at the fourth post, a village called Nagaredo; we only stopt to change horses, and

then proceeded on to Udine. Here we were to change horses again, and it being about two o'clock, we concluded to rest a little, and take dinner. We found very good accommodations, had a decent room, a good dinner served up in a handsome style, and genteel attendance.

Udine is a considerable city, and claims its origin in remote antiquity. It is said to be five miles in circuit, though I should not judge it to exceed three. It is populous, and carries on a considerable trade in silk. There are some handsome buildings; the streets are clean and well paved, and one remarkable convenience is that the side walks for foot passengers are covered. The lower or basement stories retire back and leave a space of five or six feet without the walls, covered by the floor of the next story, supported by alcoves, and this forms a fine walk like a piazza through all the principal streets of the city. People on foot are thus sheltered in winter from the rain, and accommodated with an agreeable shade in a warmer season.

It was nearly night before we were ready to start from Udine, and there was a river to cross about two miles onwards; the bridge had lately been broken down, and we expected to ford it, but in this attempt we failed. Our postillion after harassing us about the wet and muddy fields (for we had left the road in search of a place to ford) declared that it was impossible to get over that night, and so returned with us again to Udine. I did not so much regret this delay as we had fallen into so good quarters. We passed the night comfortably at the *Cross of Malta*, where we had dined, and early next morning resumed our journey.

Before we left this house, the landlord, understanding we were Americans, brought to us a bottle of molasses, which he said was lately left there by one of our countrymen; he was curious to know what it was, its qualities, use, &c. and seemed to be afraid of it. *E veleno?* said he, is it poison? I however soon quieted his fears by tasting it, and assuring him it was not only harmless, but was a delicious and salubrious fluid, and of great use and esteem in America. The man appeared then pleased with the acquisition; but who this traveller was who had left his yankee coat of arms behind I could not understand.

About nine o'clock we crossed the river which we could not get over the night before; it was now as deep as our axletree, and pretty rapid, but as it was narrow we forded it without much difficulty.

The weather had now become pleasant, the road was good, and the country we were passing through delightful.

At Udine we were not half way to Venice, and as we wished to get there the next day, we concluded, for the better despatch, to make no stops on the road, and to ride all night. Accordingly we pursued this plan, stopt only to change horses at the several posts, viz. Colroipo fifteen miles, Valvasone ten miles, till we came to Perdenone, fifteen miles more. Here we took supper,

and after a hearty meal made our arrangements to pass the night in our carriage.

We left Perdinone about six o'clock, and travelled very steady all night, changing horses and postillions at each post, which were nine or ten miles from each other, except one or two which were fifteen miles, or a post and a half. At each of these posts we found persons ready to receive us with lanthorn light; the horses were taken off and changed in a few minutes.

During the night we passed through Saule, Conegliano, Locidina, and Treviso, all small villages, except Treviso, which is a city of some consideration, and about nine o'clock in the morning arrived at Mestre.

Mestre is a large village on the borders of the Adriatick, or rather at the head of it, N. W. from Venice about five miles; this was our last stage by land, and we immediately embarked in a gondola for the capital. There is a broad canal leading into the heart of this village, and is a mile or more in extent. We were rowed down this canal, the banks of which were extremely pleasant; we passed some fine gardens, beautiful villas, and then opened into a smooth bay, across which the eye was immediately directed to the domes, palaces, and glittering spires of Venice. The morning was fine, the prospect around us highly interesting, and it was a pleasant transition from the noise and jostling of our carriage to the ease and pleasurable conveyance of a gondola.

As these gondolas are a kind of boat peculiar to Venice, are of great use and convenience here, and have something singular in their construction, and manner of manœuvring them, they may bear a description. Some thousands of them are employed in and about this city. They are in shape and form somewhat like an Indian canoe, very long, from twenty to twenty-four feet, terminating extremely sharp at each end, and both stem and stern turn up in a curve, and rise high above the water. The sides of the boat are low. The stern ends in a point, but on the stem is raised a steel plate three inches wide, which is erect about a foot, then turns forward, and its width is suddenly dilated to the size and shape of a large broad axe. There are five other flat pieces of steel of two inches wide that project forward from the stem horizontally, these are arranged one above another, with their planes vertical, and their ends forming a line with the edge of the broad axe above, which edge is straight and perpendicular. The uppermost of these five transverse plates goes through the one that rises from the stem, and projects aft as well as forward. I never could learn the origin or use of this figure. The turn in the upper part of it appears something like the neck of a stately bird, but whether or not it was meant to represent this or any other appearance of nature or art, I know not. The figure is however universal and invariable with these gondolas. The whole of this mass of steel is of con-

siderable weight, and is always kept bright and polished. The boat is wide in the middle, and has a little coach-house erected in it, which will admit four persons to set comfortably, or six with a little squeezing. At each side there is a glass window, as in a coach, with blinds, shutters and curtains; the back is closed, and the fore part is the entrance, which is opened and closed by a door. The outside of this little cabin is always covered with black cloth, coarse or fine as the owner chooses to apply expense, and is ornamented with fringe, tags, and tassels of the same colour. The inside is lined with cloth, silk, or velvet, generally black also. There is a large cushion of down or feathers for the back seat, and stuffed stools for those at the sides. They are always kept extremely clean, and thus equipt they are certainly very pleasurable conveyances. Here you may lay, or sit at your ease, and amuse yourself with a book or your mistress, while you glide along the canals through the city, or take the fresh air on the bosom of the fine bay which surrounds it. On a summer evening a gondola is a tempting resort, and they are not unfrequently, it is said, converted to the purposes of intrigue, assignations, and secret amours. This may well be expected from the loose and dissolute manners of the Venetians; and the gondoliers, who have obtained the reputation of fidelity and inviolable secrecy, contribute their share also to favour and encourage the trade.

Although these boats are sometimes rowed with three or four oars, they are more frequently managed with one, and with one only they are managed with great dexterity. The man stands aft upon a little deck, which covers seven or eight feet of that part of the boat, and rows with his oar always on the same side, and it is surprising to see with what facility and exactness he guides his little bark to the right or left, with the same sweep of the oar which impels her forward. In passing along the canals, though they are continually meeting, they seldom touch each other; and when they are to pass a corner or turn into another canal, they call out, and are answered, if another happens to be coming that way; by this they avoid falling suddenly upon each other, and although they go rapidly along, each guides his bark so as to go clear.

When we embarked at Mestre our gondolier asked us what part of the city we would be carried to. We told him we should lodge at the Queen of England hotel, and he brought us to the very door, so that we stept out of the boat on one of the marble steps of the entrance to the house. This is a peculiarity at Venice; the city is built in the water, and the boats go to the doors of every house in it: in this manner you are transported about the town, you have only to call a gondola and it comes to your door to receive you, and carries you to the door you want to enter.

And now behold us arrived in Venice. It is a noble city, and

the circumstance of its rising as it were from the bosom of the water, makes it curious and interesting. We have taken lodgings at the Queen of England hotel; the house is large, but as there is much company here we could not get a very handsome apartment. The best chamber unoccupied was offered us, and as we did not know where to look for a better, we accepted it.

As soon as I had dined I was asked if I wanted a valet de place, and a man presented to me who offered his services. They are generally employed by gentlemen who visit here, and are useful and necessary, not so much to clean your shoes, or wait upon you in the house, as to attend you as a guide about the city. I did not hesitate to employ the first that was recommended, and as it happened he spoke good French and some English, so he is useful also as an interpreter. He charges a dollar a day; this is considered however, as high wages, lately they did not get half that amount; this increase is occasioned by the numerous company of strangers now collecting in Venice.

When we were a little refreshed by our repast, we dressed and took a turn into the city. We were conducted immediately to St. Mark's Place. This is a most superb view certainly! a very spacious square, inclosed on three sides by magnificent palaces, and the noble edifice of St. Mark's church on the other. The whole area, a square of two or three acres, is paved with marble, the surrounding palaces are marble, and directly in front, as we entered the square, the lofty tower of St. Mark's rears its stately head to the skies.

The tower of St. Mark's is three hundred feet high, and you may ascend to the walk in the belfry, not by steps, but on an inclined plane; it is quadrangular, each side perhaps thirty feet, and the inclined plane or walk winds up the sides within. The belfry is a handsome balcony with a marble balustrade. From this elevated station Gallileo frequently made his astronomical observations.

The fronts of the palaces on this square form colonnades of lofty marble columns, supporting galleries which project from the second story; the space within the columns, which is covered by the galleries, affords a spacious walk where company usually resort. Along these walks opposite the columns, on one side of the square, there are a range of rich and showy shops, principally watch-makers and jewellers; on the other side the square are coffee houses. We passed through this square on our way to the exchange, where I expected to find a gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction; we found him there, and he received us with great civility. From him we understood that the emperor Napoleon was expected here in a few days, and that every body was occupied in making preparations to receive him. The spectacle on the water upon this occasion he said, would be highly worth seeing, as well as the theatrical entertainments, and he very politely assured us that he should

secure us places where we might enjoy both. Great numbers of boats with rich and shining ornaments are preparing to go out to meet the emperour and conduct him into the city. The Venetians are a kind of aquatic animals: they are born in the water, and as they have great pride as well as skill in preparing entertainments upon this element, we may expect that upon this occasion it will be brilliant indeed.

In coming to the exchange we past over the Rialto, the famous bridge so called, and which is the only one that crosses the grand canal; those that cross the other canals are very numerous. This is a very high arch of masonry, the chord of which is eighty-nine feet, being less than the width of the canal by the abutments. The walk on the bridge is paved, and there are a range of shops on each side of you as you go over it. This conceals the sight of the bridge from a passenger on it, but seen from the canal, it has a noble effect.

At the exchange, which is on the grand canal, we took a gondola and returned to our hotel. On our way we passed under the Rialto; it is a handsome piece of architecture, and we now had an opportunity of viewing all its beauties.

From every part of the grand canal you have a fine prospect; the sumptuous palaces which rise along its borders, the balconies which hang over it, their reflected images in the water, and the numerous boats which are passing swiftly along in every direction, render the scene extremely lively and beautiful.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SILVA, No. 54.

Et paulum silvae super his foret.

Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. 6. v. 3.



JOHN HUSS.

The following is the prophecy of Huss, which he is said to have pronounced to the council of Constance, who by a decree in violation of a safe conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, passed A. D. 1415, ordered him to be burnt....“You are now going to roast a *Goose*; (Hus is German for a goose) but in a hundred years a *Swan* (Luther in German is a Swan) will come, whom ye shall not be able to destroy.”

JEWS HARP.

WHO invented this delectable instrument, and at what period its melody first vibrated on the ear; whether its origin is fairly ascribable to a descendant of Abraham, or to Vincentio Galilei, or Martianus Capella, or any other of the learned musicians of old de Lancaster, it is impossible to say. Cumberland has made the last mentioned character display vast erudition upon all sorts of harps, but no poetry. Let David Williams, or his successor, set to musick the following ode to a Jews Harp, which is probably the offspring of James Boswell's muse.

Sweet instrument ! which, fix'd in yellow teeth,
So clear, so sprightly and so gay is found,
Whether you breathe along the shore of Leith,
Or Lomond's lofty cliffs thy strains resound ;
Struck by a taper finger's gentle tip,
Ah softly in our ears the pleasing murmers slip !

Where'er thy lively musick's found,
All are jumping, dancing round :
Ev'n trusty William lifts a leg,
And capers, like sixteen, with Peg ;
Both old and young confess thy pow'rful sway,
They skip like madmen and they frisk away.
Rous'd by the magick of the charming air,
The yawning dogs forego their heavy slumbers,
The ladies listen on the narrow stair,
And captain Andrew straight forgets his numbers.
Cats and mice give o'er their batt'ling,
Pewter plates on shelves are ratt'ling,
But falling down, the noise my lady hears,
Whose scolding drowns the trump more tuneful than the spheres.

DUTCHMEN.

Every one knows, that they burn peat or turf in Holland. The Dutch have been well compared to their own fuel, which it is very hard to get completely on fire, and which it is vain to attempt to hasten ; but when once on fire, it holds its heat for ever.

WILLIAM NOY.

Howell says of Noy, that "with infinite pains and indefatigable study he came to his knowledge of the law;" but I never heard a more pertinent anagram than was made of his name.....
I. Moyl in Law.

AN UNLUCKY ESCAPE.

Lucas Holstenius was dining one day at the table of the Cardinal Francis Barberini, in company with two or three learned men; and as he was warmly engaged in dispute, there escaped him in the heat of the debate, a clear and decided explosion *a posteriori*. The cardinal smiled; the guests to whom he was speaking burst out in a broad laugh. Holstenius, without being disconcerted, turned to the cardinal, and said; "I can very well apply to your eminence the following passage of Virgil in my own name,

Tu das epulis accumbere Divûm,

But not the next line,

Ventorumque facis tempestatumque potentem.

This was thought very happy, because neither the cardinal nor the others recollected that in Virgil it is *nimborumque* and not *ventorumque*. ÆNEID. l. 80.

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

The struggle to abolish this most infamous traffick was maintained, with various success, by the friends of justice, humanity and religion, for about one hundred years in the United States and Great Britain, before their hopes were accomplished. It originated among a small number of quakers, at one of their meetings, in Philadelphia, when only eight persons were present, near the commencement of the eighteenth century. The question arose in a scruple of conscience. The sect never lost sight of the object afterwards. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw it finally destroyed in the United States and in Great Britain. Sweden and Denmark had prohibited it several years before. It may be resumed by the Dutch, French and Spaniards, but not while the present war continues. And should this last a few years longer, it may be out of their power to revive it; as the factors and agents who kept alive the wars among the Africans, that produced the victims, will be done away, and perhaps some of the attempts to introduce civilization in Africa may so far succeed as to prevent a renewal of this inhuman commerce.

MOTTO FOR A DENTIST.

There was a dentist in Paris, remarkable for drawing bad teeth, and replacing them by others with great success. He had his picture in his shop, with this motto from Virgil,

Uno avulso non deficit alter.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE TO HIS FRIENDS IN
THIS COUNTRY.

LETTER THIRTY SECOND.

ROME, NOVEMBER 22, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

ANIMATED by the examination of objects highly interesting in themselves, and peculiarly so as they are connected with those parts of ancient history which made the first and therefore the strongest impressions on our minds, one hardly knows how far others, who cannot partake of the enthusiasm produced by the presence of the objects themselves, will feel an interest in the description of them. What an unpleasant dilemma! If I am silent, I shall either be accused of indifference to my friends, or of cold apathy towards those interesting scenes which have excited the zeal of travellers in all ages. If I am as particular as I feel disposed to be, in the description of this scenery, I fear I shall disgust by tedious prolixity.....I have resolved, however, to hazard the last, and I shall shew you Rome as it has appeared to my eyes, simply and naturally, without any affectation or embellishments of style.

Rome, even *modern* Rome, is more varied in its beauties, more singular, and more interesting than any city in Europe. Nature has done every thing for it, and human genius, as if grateful for the favours of heaven, has exerted its utmost powers to decorate nature. The surface of the country within and around Rome is neither rough nor smooth; it consists of swelling lawns, of gentle acclivities, of picturesque mountains, of smiling vallies, of cultivated plains, and the whole is intersected by various streams which pour their united treasures into the majestick Tiber. I have seen some writers, or I have heard of some travellers, I cannot now, nor *do I wish* to recollect whom, speak contemptuously of the Tiber. I cannot conceive the grounds of such an opinion. It is little, if any inferior to the Seine or the Thames. If it lacks a few feet of the width of those rivers, it is not perceptible to the eye, and it certainly has sufficient width to give it both beauty and respectability. Virgil and Horace then had as fair a right to celebrate the Tiber, as Pope or Denham to sing the praises of the Thames. The envi-

rons of Rome are vastly more beautiful than those of London or of Paris. There is more variety of surface, and richness of scenery. The continued and constant occurrence of ancient ruins near Rome, covered as they all are with ivy, or ornamented with ever-greens, which have sprung up spontaneously in the crevices, made by time, would of itself be sufficient to give it a decided preference over its rivals. Of the nature and extent of this species of beauty, I can give you but a faint idea in description; perhaps some sketches that I may bring home will furnish a more correct notion.

There are within the city of Rome two distinct classes of objects, both of which are interesting, but whose interest depends on very different grounds; the ancient relicks, and the modern works of taste and luxury. Time, prescription, history, taste have consecrated the one.....wealth, luxury, genius have conspired to render the other equally imposing. If Rome had her Grecian sculptors and architects in ancient times, she has been no less celebrated for her own painters and sculptors in modern days. Praxiteles and Polidorus would not blush to own the works of Michael Angelo, nor wrest the chisel from the hands of Bernini.

Before I enter into a detail of the curious and interesting works of art which Rome at present boasts, it may not be useless to make some remarks upon the ancient and modern artists. If they are not new, they will have the merit at least of being stated without reference to the opinion of any writer, and without my being conscious of being indebted to any one. Perhaps you will think, that I might have spared myself the remark, and that no one would have suspected that I had borrowed such ideas.

It seems to be conceded, that the moderns excel the ancients as much in the art of painting as the ancients excelled the moderns in any art whatever. Dr. Moore, to be sure, suggests a doubt upon this point, and says, that we ought not to judge of the works of the ancients in this branch of taste, because we have seen none of their chef d'oeuvres, but as *all* the paintings of the ancients which have been discovered, are deficient in one of the first essentials of all good painting, *perspective*, I think it is fair to conclude, that they had never attained to any great perfection in this art. What most fully confirms me in this opinion is, the infinite pains the ancients took to represent their histories or remarkable events in bas relief, which is, you know, a picture sculptured in marble, stone, or bronze, so as to relieve the figures from the surface. Now this art was very laborious and expensive, and painting produces the same effect, with the additional advantage of natural colouring.

In sculpture it has been fashionable to say, that the ancients vastly exceeded the moderns, and to be sure it would be but a grateful return in the artists of the present day to grant them this claimed pre-eminence, because it is unquestionable, that the fine models of the ancients have been the schools in which

the moderns have studied with success, and perhaps it might even be conceded, that no effort of modern talent can be said to equal the grace and dignity of the Belvidere Apollo, the beauty and infinite delicacy of the Venus de Medicis, or the agonizing tortures of the Laocoon; but we must not suffer ourselves to be deceived by names, we must not believe, that the chisel of the ancients universally, or even GENERALLY, like the pencil of the moderns, distanced all comparison. No: far from it. You find an immense number of ANTIQUE, clumsy, ill designed, worse executed statues, and but a very small proportion of good ones, among a thousand; and on the contrary, the works of Michael Angelo, Bernini, John of Bologna, and Le Gros excite a deep interest in the same gallery with the works of the first masters of ancient times. There is a living artist, Mons. Canova, who has executed a Hebe in a style, which Praxiteles would have been willing to acknowledge. Where then is the boasted superiority of the ancients? Is it fled? or have you undertaken to overturn established opinions? Not at all; but I think it my duty to give my own opinions, and not those that others may have *made for me*.

It is in *architecture*, that the ancients had a superiority, which the moderns have hitherto vainly, and I believe will ever vainly, attempt to imitate. Works of genius always partake of the character of the age in which they are produced. The modern Italians are more refined than their predecessors the Romans. Sculpture and painting are *refined arts*. The subjects require delicacy rather than boldness, research rather than simplicity. The Romans were bold, masculine, noble in their sentiments, characters, exploits. Their architecture partakes of these traits. It is simple, grand, imposing. The extent of their palaces, baths, circuses, appal the moderns. To build them would exhaust a modern empire. It would alarm the courage of Bonaparte to attempt the arduous task of moving to Paris from Rome *one* of the vast obelisks, of which the Romans moved twenty from Egypt. How these things were effected is now a matter of fruitless inquiry and wonder. The modern buildings are surcharged with ornament; they are rich and magnificent, but only with the spoils of *ancient edifices*. I am correct in saying, that the most splendid of all modern buildings * owes all its *richness* to ancient magnificence and taste.

NOVEMBER 26, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

THOUGH you are addressed last, you are not *least*, I do assure you, in my affections. I have written your husband some days since, and you are so much a disciple of the old school, that I am fully persuaded you think him your *better half*. Without settling this point so delicate between you, I write to you *both*,

* St. Peter's at Rome.

which I think will take away all occasion of umbrage or jealousy. With this you will also receive my tenderest wishes for the health of your dear infants, for the *reasonable charms* of your girls, for the masculine firmness and good sense of your son, and for the happiness of you all. I have commenced the description of Rome by some account of the columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, and I am now about to give you some account of the *Obelisks*.

Of this species of ornament, peculiarly beautiful and noble in a great city, there formerly existed a great number in Rome. They are all of Egyptian origin, and are most of them ornamented with hieroglyphicks, a species of imperfect language, by which the Egyptians expressed ideas by symbols. Antiquarians, though they agree in the general use of hieroglyphicks, are yet so imperfectly acquainted with the manner in which they were used, that they are not agreed as to the ideas which were meant to be conveyed upon *any one* of the existing obelisks. Some think that they were intended to record historical facts, while others contend that they were only the calendars of their religious feasts.

Leaving these learned points to be settled by great men who choose to puzzle their brains, and spend their lives in this unavailing research, I shall state simply the points in which the obelisks are really curious, and give some account of those which remain.

They are then curious, *first* from their *immense* size, composed as they *all were* of *one single* stone; and secondly from that species of stone which is extremely rare in Europe, the oriental granite, excessively hard, *resisting wholly* the bold, and *to every other body*, the irresistible attacks of time; and yielding only to the most laborious exertions of human power. Though the ancients brought them from Egypt, yet so vast appeared the labour of moving them, that it was considered one of the most glorious events of the Pontificate of Sixtus V. that having found one of these obelisks in a recumbent posture, he had been able to raise it to a perpendicular; and this event they have taken care to commemorate by a learned inscription on the base.

Of the whole number of Egyptian obelisks which formerly contributed so much to the splendour of Rome, there remain at present erected only seven.

The first, which strikes your attention from its position in the Piazza del Popolo where you enter Rome, was raised in Heliopolis (the city of the Sun, as the name imports) by Sesostris, king of Egypt, and was afterwards transported to Rome by Augustus Caesar, and placed in the Circus Maximus, where it was thrown down by the Goths probably; and in 1589, Sixtus V. the reigning Pope, transported it to the place where it now stands. It is ornamented with hieroglyphicks, and is 74 feet high.

The second is placed on Monte Citerio, the place of justice in Rome. This was erected like the other in Heliopolis, by the

same king. It was transported to Rome by Augustus, and erected on the Campus Martius, where it served as the gnomon for a meridian, (to cast the shadow of the sun). It is charged with hieroglyphicks, was found buried in the ground, where historians record, that it was erected, broken in five pieces. It was perfectly repaired and erected by the last Pope, Pius VI. in 1789, and is 68 feet high. It was, *like all the rest*, originally of *one stone*.

The third was erected by Smarce and Ephec, two princes of Egypt, and was transported to Rome by Claudius, the emperour, and placed before the august mausoleum of Augustus Caesar, the first of the Roman emperours. It was found near it, and was transported to the church of St. Mary Majiur (one of the most superb in Rome) and erected near its north front by Sixtus V. It is 63 feet high, including the pedestal, and has no hieroglyphicks.

The fourth is erected very near the house in which we live, on Monte Trinita, in front of the Grand Piazza d'Espagne, and at the head of one of the noblest Escaliers, *or set of steps*, in the world. In order to mount to a celebrated church, on a very celebrated hill, the ambassadours of France, aided by the Popes, have erected a set of stone steps, not less than one hundred feet wide, and consisting of an immense number of stairs, ornamented with sculpture, and marble ballustrades; it is certainly one of the most splendid things in Rome. At the top of this stair case stands an obelisk, which formerly ornamented the gardens of *Sallust*. It is about sixty feet high, with the pedestal, and was removed hither by Clement XII. It is ornamented with hieroglyphicks.

In front of the palace of the Pope, on the ancient mons Quirinalis stands the fifth obelisk. It was in the mausoleum of Augustus, and was removed hither by the last pope. It is forty five feet high, without the pedestal, and is of red granite.

The sixth and *highest*, stands before St. John, in Laterano, the oldest, and, next to St. Peter's, the most splendid church in Rome. It is the largest ever erected in the world, as far as is known. It was erected first at Thebes, by Ramesses, king of Egypt, three thousand years ago. Constantine the Great removed it to Alexandria, with a design to transport it to Constantinople, but died before it was effected. His son Constantius removed it to Rome, and placed it in the Circus Maximus. Sixtus V. cleared it from the ruins of that theatre, where it was buried sixteen feet, and where it had been broken in three pieces, and erected it where it now stands. It is of red granite, and ornamented with hieroglyphicks; is one hundred and fifteen feet high, and nine feet wide, without the base or pedestal.

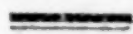
The last, and on the whole *most striking* and *valuable* obelisk, is *that* in front of the Vatican, which was never overthrown or broken. Nuncore, king of Egypt, raised it at Heliopolis, and it was brought to Rome by order of Caligula, and erected in the circus of Nero. *An immense vessel* was made for the purpose of

transporting it, which was sunk afterwards to form the port of Ostia. It was removed in 1586, to where it now stands, and though but a very short distance, its removal cost 40,000 dollars. It is not so large as the one last mentioned, being only one hundred and twenty-four feet, including the pedestal, and is not ornamented with hieroglyphicks.

Thus I think I have given you a very tedious, if it is not a good account of the obelisks at Rome. The truth is, that these objects strike us with awe and admiration, when we see them, and we are apt to forget that we cannot transfer the same august impressions to others. But I still think that if you will fancy *an immense column* of the hardest stone, four times as high as an ordinary dwelling house, and weighing, as one of them does, 973,000 pounds, or about 500 tons, if you couple with this idea the duration of this monument from times almost of fable, and its transportation, at a period when navigation was in its infancy, across the Mediterranean, you may account for my being so zealous to transmit you some account of them.



FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.



REMARKER, No. 45.



"The ablest men, that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but then, they were like horses, well managed, for they could tell passing well, when to stop."

BACON'S ESSAYS.

ONE of the most difficult, and at the same time important points of morality, is that which respects the law of truth. In this particular, persons not among the abandoned part of society, but whose principles are pliant to circumstances, are often observed to obey the rule with not a few exceptions; and the most considerate and wary, who mean that their yea shall be yea, and nay nay, may be admonished frequently to inquire, if they adhere to the straight forward path of sincerity with all the exactness which becomes their pretensions.

The code of minor morals, which takes cognizance of the ordinary intercourse, and the every day actions of life, consigns the wanton and shameless liar to the bottom of the scale that marks the gradations of human character. He is despised as a fool and a coward, if not detested as a criminal and a knave. His folly so generally recoils upon himself, and his duplicity so plagues the inventor, that it may be naturally expected, that contempt and pity should almost predominate over resentment and

abhorrence. But the common judgment, which brands the gross prevaricator and habitual trickster with ignominy, may be supposed to overlook or excuse many cases of plausible, and less glaring insincerity, which an enlightened and tender conscience will not fail to condemn, and avoid. The law of honour does not always run parallel with the law of God; and fashion and custom give a sanction or an indulgence to maxims, which a true system of morality and the authority of religion refuse to allow. The extent of the obligation to speak the truth, ethical doctors, apparently in an equal degree its friends, determine differently. Whether a voluntary deception be ever lawful, is a standing question for syllogistick and forensick disputation in all the universities. Some teachers agree, that such deception may be required by particular cases in practice, but must never be allowed in theory. Thus "they incur a charge of deception in the very act of persuading their neighbours that a deception is never to be admitted." On this subject, it is believed, an honest mind is generally a sufficient instructor. It is very certain, that veracity should not be forsaken by prudence. Not all truth may be spoken, nor at all times. There is a distinction between the "*suppressio veri*" and "*suggestio falsi*," between simulation and dissimulation. None but a dolt or a bravo will discard every degree of concealment and reserve, and tell all he thinks. Some people make a boast of always speaking their mind. The merit, however, of this frankness, depends on the sort of mind they speak; for if it be a bad one, there would be more merit in keeping their own secret, and letting their spleen, and anger, and envy and malice spend their force within. This abusive sincerity may prove the defect of the judgment, or strength of the passions, the coarseness of the character, or the brutality of the disposition; but it cannot prove respect for truth. Censor is a shrewd judge of character; an accurate weigher of the merits and demerits of his associates; and a free speaker of the opinions he forms. Whilst he is lavish of praise on his favourites, he is entirely willing that those whom he rates low in point of talents or virtue should have no room to imagine he esteems them more than he does. The consequence is that he loses the good will by wounding the self love of some very worthy people; and is thought, by those who see only this trait of his character, more acute than wise, and more frank than amiable.

The common language of civility has given rise to much casuistical ingenuity, and tender scrupulosity. One of the christian sects, making no distinction between the literal and the received meaning of words, cannot possibly say *master*, because the tongue must exactly declare the sentiments. Yet the same sect will address every man indiscriminately by the appellation of friend; although the use of the word friend intends no more friendship, than that of master does service. The common phrases of politeness are a current coin, which, it is admitted,

is not pure, but which may be honestly employed, because its alloy is ascertained, and its worth understood. With this knowledge, there is no fraud, if there is folly in trading with each other in money of a high nominal and little real value. The subscription of humble servant to a letter means not that you are either, but simply that you are on civil terms with your correspondent. The same apology is made, with what propriety we leave at present unsettled, for the practice of a servant denying his master or mistress (for to the ladies it chiefly belongs) which is said to be only a courteous manner of telling a visitor that you accept the compliment of his call, but cannot conveniently give him your time. It has been justly observed, that a lover of truth, and a man of dignified and delicate mind, will use as few of the high-strained expressions of civility in common use as will answer. They were originally introduced, it is alleged, from servility, and designed to soothe haughtiness and vanity; and they imprint a character of slavishness upon language. While the fashionable interpretation is coming into vogue, and before it is diffused, they are lies to those who are ignorant of the change. They embarrass timorous and uninformed minds, and tempt them to say what they apprehend unlawful.

Party falsehoods and misrepresentations are as common in practice as if they were not disclaimed in profession. A novice in affairs would think it was an established principle, that enemies and rivals have no rights, and that every thing may be said against them, which will pass for true, however unfounded. It is the glory of a man to say, he may be trusted with every cause.

Pious frauds, the tricks of popularity, and the exaggerations of eloquence, afford examples of the liberties which are taken with the law of truth. The management of political concerns is often said to proceed in a serpentine course, that looks to plain observers very like to deception; and has occasioned the noble art of politicks to be defined the art of circumventing and deceiving. It is said to have happened, that in an enlightened popular assembly a good end might be effected most readily by indirect means; that the merits of a question might be an obstacle to its fair discussion; and that false pretexts for an important measure would do more for its adoption than the true reasons. Considering, however, that in a contest of duplicity, the dishonest side must necessarily have the advantage, the advocates of the right show their wisdom, not less than probity, by declining a game, in which the odds are plainly against them, and taking the chance of their honesty. Let it be considered as an axiom, that no end can ever justify the sacrifice of a principle. Let those who pursue lawful objects be confined to lawful means, and repel every proposal to meet unfairness by unfairness, and defeat cunning by cunning. By deserving success they may so often command it, as to have no cause to say they are losers on the whole by their integrity.

Calumny and defamation are allowed to be as base as they are frequent. We cannot be too much on our guard against these detestable and pernicious vices. It ought not however to be forgotten that truth and sincerity are violated by false praise, as well as by false censure. The facility of obtaining letters of recommendation, certificates of merit in a particular art, and attestations of good conduct in a station whose duties have not been discharged to the satisfaction of the employers, evinces that good nature, importunity, or cowardice, will often prevail over integrity. Undeserved commendation procures for the object of it undeserved confidence, and annihilates the distinction between characters, which the publick and individuals have an interest in seeing maintained.

Flattery is a common garb of deceit. It can be turned to so much account, it is not surprising that a careful abstinence from this fault is rare. It is not confined to countries governed by kings and nobles; but is brought to a good market not less in a republick than a monarchy, in a town meeting than in a royal court. Indiscriminate assentation is sometimes the price of the rich man's favour. The people's suffrage not seldom goes to those who tell the sovereign he can do no wrong; and they are strangely out of place in a drawing-room, who make sincerity the law of their conversation, in every instance. Let him who intends to adhere to truth, distinguish between civility and kindness, and obsequiousness and adulation. A man of virtue stands in no need of flattery to keep him a votary of virtue; and a bad man, by estimating his character according to the report of his flatterers, is encouraged in his faults and vices. Colloquial romancing, is an infirmity of some people, which both a sense of reputation, and a regard to truth ought to teach them to avoid. They must excite the minds of their company, be thought prodigies, raise surprise or astonishment; and therefore supply by fiction the want of stimulus in truth. Dr. Paley has well represented the evil of this species of falsehood; observing first that they who practise it allege, "that so long as the facts they relate are indifferent, and their narratives, though false, are inoffensive, it may seem a superstitious regard to truth, to censure them merely for truth's sake."

"In the first place," says he, "it is almost impossible to pronounce beforehand, with certainty, concerning any lie, that it is inoffensive." Volat irrevocabile; and collects sometimes accretions in its flight, which entirely change its nature. It may owe possibly its mischief to the officiousness or misrepresentation of those who circulate it; but the mischief is, nevertheless, in some degree chargeable upon the original editor.

In the next place, this liberty in conversation defeats its own end. Much of the pleasure, and all the benefit of conversation, depends upon our opinion of the speaker's veracity, for which this rule leaves no foundation. The faith indeed of a hearer must be extremely perplexed, who considers the speaker, or

believes that the speaker considers himself, as under no obligation to adhere to truth, but according to the particular importance of what he relates.

But beside and above both these reasons, *white* lies always introduce others of a darker complexion. I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance. Nice distinctions are out of the question, upon occasions, which, like those of speech, return every hour. The habit, therefore, of lying, when once formed, is easily extended to serve the designs of malice or interest; like all habits, it spreads indeed of itself.



LETTERS FROM HON. JOHN ADAMS AND MRS. ADAMS, TO
THOMAS BRAND-HOLLIS, ESQ.



[As I had the honour of being known to Mr. Adams while he was resident in England, I had the less difficulty in applying to him by letter for his permission to make use, in the present volume, of his correspondence with Mr. Brand-Hollis. In his answer, dated Quincy near Boston, November 9, 1807, he has very obligingly left the publication of his letters to be regulated by my discretion; and, I trust, he will not have any occasion hereafter to think his confidence in any respect misplaced. Mr. Adams's language is appropriate to my friend, and consistent with every profession of friendship he made while Mr. Brand-Hollis was living. At the same time he expresses himself so friendly towards myself, that I am induced to register my authority for making this communication to the public, by giving a short extract from his letter, which was on other accounts very interesting.

"I was," says he, "agreeably surprised, the last week, on receiving a very kind and obliging letter from you, dated the Hyde, near Ingatestone, the 24th of August. A seat where I had formerly passed many agreeable hours with a gentleman, whom I esteemed as a man of sense and letters, and a friend of liberty and humanity.

"It is true that several letters have passed between me and Mr. Brand-Hollis: but I have only a confused recollection of their contents. I have no hesitation, however, to confide to your discretion to make any use of them you may think proper. Mrs. Adams desires me to say to you, that she has so much respect for your judgment, that she is willing you should also make what use you please of hers."]

MEM. OF T. B. HOLLIS.

I.

TO THOMAS BRAND-HOLLIS, ESQ. THE HYDE, NEAR INGATESTONE,
ESSEX.

Grosvenor Square, January 4, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I am in your debt for several very friendly letters, all of which shall be answered hereafter. I have had a great cold, which brought with it some fever, and has disabled me from every thing for three weeks.

Your kind invitation for Wednesday the 9th is accepted with pleasure by Mr. Smith as well as myself.

And now, sir, for other matters. Our new constitution does not expressly say that juries shall not extend to civil causes.—Nor, I presume, is it intended, to take away the trial by jury in any case, in which you, sir, yourself would wish to preserve it. Maritime causes must be decided by the law of nations, and in conformity to the practice of the world. In these cases juries would not be willing to sit as judges, nor would the parties be contented with their judgment. Juries understand not the nature, nor the law of foreign transactions. We began, about twelve years ago, with juries in our courts of admiralty: but I assure you, the parties, witnesses, juries, judges, and all the world became so weary of the innovation upon trial, that it was laid aside by a new law with universal satisfaction. The examinations or interrogatories of witnesses and parties, in short the whole course of proceedings, as well as all the rules of evidence, must be changed, before juries could be introduced with propriety.

Taxes on advertisements, and on every thing that contributes to facilitate the communication of knowledge, I should wish to avoid as much as possible.

Whether the human mind has limits or not, we ought not to fix a limit to its improvement, until we find it and are sure of it:—incumbered with gross bodies and weak senses, there must be some bounds to its refinements in this world: you and I entertain the joyous hope of other states of improvement without end: and for my part, I wish that you and I may know each other, and pursue the same objects together in all of them. Fair science, equity, liberty, and society will be adorable for ever.

I am, with great esteem,
my dear sir,
your friend and servant,
JOHN ADAMS.

II.

Fountain Inn, Portsmouth, April 5, 1788.

MY DEAR SIR,

If ever there was any philosophic solitude, your two friends have found it in this place, where we have been wind bound, a whole week, without a creature to speak to. Our whole business, pleasure and amusement has been reading Necker's Religious Opinions, Hayley's Old Maids, and Cumberland's fourth Observer. Our whole stock is now exhausted, and if the ship should not arrive with a fresh supply of books, we shall be obliged to write romances to preserve us from melancholy.

I know not whether atheism has made much progress in England: and perhaps it would do more hurt than good to pub-

lish any thing upon the subject, otherwise Necker's book appears to me to deserve the best translation and edition that can be made of it. Mr. Mortimer perhaps might find his account in it. Necker's subject is so much more interesting to human nature, that I am almost disgusted with my own. Yet my countrymen have so much more need of arguments against errors in government, than in religion, that I am again comforted and encouraged. At this moment there is a greater fermentation throughout all Europe upon the subject of government, than was perhaps ever known, at any former period. France, Holland, and Flanders are alive to it. Is government a science or not? Are there any principles on which it is founded? What are its ends? If indeed there is no rule; no standard; all must be accident and chance. If there is a standard, what is it? It is easier to make a people discontented with a bad government, than to teach them how to establish and maintain a good one. Liberty can never be created and preserved without a people: and by a people, I mean a common people, in contradistinction from the gentlemen; and a people can never be created and preserved without an executive authority in one hand, separated entirely from the body of the gentlemen. The two ladies Aristocratia and Democratia will eternally pull caps, till one or other is mistress. If the first is the conqueress, she never fails to depress and debase her rival into the most deplorable servitude. If the last conquers, she eternally surrenders herself into the arms of a ravisher. Kings, therefore, are the natural allies of the common people, and the prejudices against them are by no means favourable to liberty. Kings and the common people have both a common enemy in the gentlemen, and they must unite in some degree or other against them, or both will be destroyed; the one dethroned and the other enslaved. The common people too are unable to defend themselves against their own ally, the king, without another ally in the gentlemen. It is, therefore, indispensably necessary, that the gentlemen in a body, or by representatives, should be an independent and essential branch of the constitution. By a king, I mean a single person possessed of the whole executive power. You have often said to me, that it is difficult to preserve the balance. This is true. It is difficult to preserve liberty. But there can be no liberty without some balance; and it is certainly easier to preserve a balance of three branches than of two. If the people cannot preserve a balance of three branches, how is it possible for them to preserve one of two only? If the people of England find it difficult to preserve their balance at present, how would they do, if they had the election of a king, and an house of lords to make, once a year, or once in seven years, as well as of an house of commons? It seems evident at first blush, that periodical elections of the king and peers in England, in addition to the commons, would produce agitations that must destroy all order and safety as well as liberty. The gentlemen too, can never defend themselves

against a brave and united common people, but by an alliance with a king; nor against a king, without an alliance with the common people. It is the insatiability of human passions, that is the foundation of all government. Men are not only ambitious, but their ambition is unbounded: they are not only avaricious, but their avarice is insatiable. The desires of kings, gentlemen and common people, all increase, instead of being satisfied by indulgence. This fact being allowed, it will follow that it is necessary to place checks upon them all. Pray write me upon these subjects when I arrive in America.

I am, with sincere esteem,
my dear sir, yours,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.

III.

Fountain Inn, Cowes, Isle of Wight, April 9, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I have, to day, received your kind letter of the 7th, and the valuable books that accompanied it; Mariana, Corio, and Ramsay, for which I most heartily thank you.

I wish I could write romances. True histories of my wanderings and waitings for ships and winds at Ferol and Corunna in Spain; at Nantes, Lorient and Brest in France; at Helvoet, the island of Goree, and Over Flackee in Holland; and at Harwich, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight in England, would make very entertaining romances in the hands of a good writer.

It is very true, as you say, that "royal despots endeavour to prevent the science of government from being studied." But it is equally true that aristocratical despots, and democratical despots too, endeavour to suppress the study, and with equal success. The aristocracies in Holland, Poland, Venice, Bern, &c. are as inexorable to the freedom of inquiry in religion, but especially in politicks, as the monarchies of France, Spain, Prussia, or Russia. It is in mixed governments only that political toleration exists, and in Needham's "Excellencie of a free state," or right constitution, the majority would be equally intolerant. Every unbalanced power is intolerant.

I admire your magnificent idea of an "imperial republic:" but would not republican jealousy startle at this title, even more than that of a "regal republic?"

I mentioned to you that I found, in your favourite writer Mr. Hutcheson, Zeno named as a friend to the balance.* I have since received further information from Diogenes Laertius, lib. 7. cap. 1. n. 66. If you find any thing more of the sentiments of Zeno, upon this subject, let me pray you to note it.

* See his system of Moral Philosophy, vol. II, b. 3. ch. 6, p. 257 and 258, and note.

Cumberland, in his *Observer*, mentions Heniochus, an Athenian comedian, as enumerating several "cities fallen into egregious folly and declension, from having delivered themselves over to be governed at the discretion of two certain female personages, whom I shall name to you: the one Democracy; Aristocracy the other. From this fatal moment universal anarchy and misrule inevitably fall upon those cities, and they are lost!"* I wish to know his authority for this quotation, and to know the words of the original. Perhaps it is found in *Ælian* or *Athenaeus*. I wish to collect every word from antiquity, in favour of an equal mixture of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy. It is an honour to the idea, that Zeno approved it; for he was, I think, one of the wisest and profoundest of the philosophers. The loss of his book "*De Lege*," is a great misfortune to me; I have often met with a quotation from some of the Greek commentators, which speaks of two quarrelsome women, *Aristocratia* and *Democratia*, but never knew before that it was taken from Heniochus.

When will these lazy winds arise, and relieve you for a time from the trouble given you by your affectionate and obliged

JOHN ADAMS.

Mrs. A. and I have been to visit Carisbroke castle, once the prison of the booby Charles. At what moment did Cromwell become ambitious? is a question I have heard asked in England. I answer, before he was born. He was ambitious every moment of his life. He was a canting dog. I hate him for his hypocrisy: but I think he had more sense than his friends. He saw the necessity of three branches, as I suspect. If he did, he was perfectly right in wishing to be a king. I don't agree with those who impute to him the whole blame of an unconditional restoration. They were the most responsible for it, who obstinately insisted on the abolition of monarchy. If they would have concurred in a rational reform of the constitution, Cromwell would have joined them.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.

IV.

Braintree, near Boston, December 3, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If I had been told at my first arrival, that five months would pass before I should write a line to Mr. Brand-Hollis, I should not have believed it. I found my estate, in consequence of a total neglect and inattention on my part for fourteen years, was falling to decay; and in so much disorder, as to require my whole exertion to repair it. I have a great mind to essay a description of it. It is not large in the first place. It is but the farm of a patriot. But there are in it two or three spots, from

* *Observer*, No. 146.

whence are to be seen some of the most beautiful prospects in the world. I wish the Hyde was within ten miles, or that Mr. Brand-Hollis would come and build an Hyde near us. I have a fine meadow that I would christen by the name of Hollis-Mead, if it were not too small. The hill where I now live is worthy to be called Hollis-Hill: but as only a small part of the top of it belongs to me, it is doubtful whether it would succeed. There is a fine brook runs through a meadow by my house, shall I call it Hollis-brook?

What shall I say to you of our public affairs? The increase of population is wonderful. The plenty of provisions of all kind, amazing: and cheap in proportion to their abundance, and the scarcity of money, which certainly is very great. The agriculture, fisheries, manufactures and commerce of the country are very well, much better than I expected to find them.

* * * * *

The elections for the new government have been determined very well hitherto in general. You may have the curiosity to ask what share your friend is to have? I really am at a loss to guess. The probability, at present, seems to be that I shall have no lot in it. I am in the habit of *balancing* every thing. In one scale is vanity; in the other comfort. Can you doubt which will preponderate? In public life I have found nothing but the former; in private life, I have enjoyed much of the latter.

I regret the loss of the booksellers' shops, and the society of the few men of letters that I knew in London. In all other respects I am much happier and better accommodated here. Shall I hope to hear from you, as you have leisure? A letter left at the New England coffee-house, will be brought me by some of our Boston captains.

With great esteem and much affection,
I am, dear sir, your sincere friend,
and very humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.
Chesterfield-street, Westminster.

V.

Boston, October 28, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

It was not till the last evening that I had the pleasure of your favour, with the pamphlets. They were sent to New-York, but had not arrived when I left it. Mrs. A. has sent the letter back to me. Accept of my thanks for the kindness.

This town has been wholly employed in civilities to the president for some days, and greater demonstrations of confidence

and affection are not, cannot be given, in your quarter of the globe to their adored crowned heads.

I wrote to you, my dear friend, a year ago, by a vessel which was lost at sea, and have been much mortified that I have not been able to write to you oftener. But we are men of business here, whether we will or no; and so many things that give us only trouble crowd in upon us, that we have little time left for those which would afford us pleasure.

My country has assigned me a station, which requires constant attention and painful labour: but I shall go through it with cheerfulness, provided my health can be preserved in it. There is a satisfaction in living with our beloved chief, and so many of our venerable patriots, that no other country, and no other office in this country, could afford me.

What is your opinion of the struggle in France? Will it terminate happily? Will they be able to form a constitution? You know that in my political creed, the word liberty is not the thing; nor is resentment, revenge, and rage, a constitution, nor the means of obtaining one. Revolutions perhaps can never be effected without them: but men should always be careful to distinguish an unfortunate concomitant of the means from the means themselves: and especially not to mistake the means for the end.

My most cordial regards to all our friends, and believe me to be ever yours,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Commentators have been extremely sagacious in their interpretation of the 14th Ode, in the first book of Horace. By the *ship*, say they, is meant the republick; *waves* intend discord and civil commotions; the *harbour*, peace; the *mast*, Pompey; the *yards*, senators; the *keel*, the treasury, &c. Every word, indeed, according to them, is a figure.

While, among the multitude, gazing at the *mimick ship*, in the republican procession, on the last 4th of July, this ode occurred to memory; and your learned board will determine, whether it be not a much more simple and satisfactory explanation to conceive the poet as merely indulging an effusion, on a similar exhibition, in the streets of Rome. That the unlearned reader,

as well as yourselves, may judge of the correctness of this explication, a version is subjoined. It is not exactly a translation, but more faithful than an imitation; and the quotations, annexed, will shew a careful regard to the original.

The word *Navis*, I have ventured to render *July-boat*. It would be tedious to set down all the authorities in support of this translation. It is indeed a free one; but the learned reader will find it is admissible. On one of the coins of Augustus there is a figure of a ship with oars, with this motto, FELICITATI AUG. Among the many spectacles and processions, with which Rome abounded, we have only to suppose a ship, thus appropriated to the Julian family, to be borne through the streets of the city. It would obtain the name, among the multitude, of the *Julian-ship*. Horace did not choose thus to designate it, because, it is obvious, that he indulges a degree of pleasantry on the occasion, which might not be altogether agreeable to his imperial master. Hence the obscurity, which involves this celebrated ode, and which has so long divided criticks and commentators. By a happy coincidence, this appellation becomes applicable to the exhibition on our 4th of July. The writer will be fortunate, if the printer do not attempt to shew his superiour correctness, by substituting, for this classical appellation, the vulgar term *Jolly-Boat*. It is easy to perceive, that this is only a corruption of that ancient expression.

LUCILIUS.

July 8, 1809.

HORACE, LIB. I, ODE XIV.

O JULY-BOAT, what do'st thou here?
What novel swell racks all thy gear?
Thy keel scarce stands the shock;
No oars equip thy labouring side,
Your masts still tremble, as you ride;
Haste, haste again to *Dock*.

No sails thy useless yards display,
No *little cherub* guides thy way,
Fair daughter of the grove;
Where are your ancient honours hid?
Each genuine *Tar* now "*turns his quid*,"
And jokes you, as you move.

O'er pavements rough, in crowded throng,
With weary steps, I pac'd along,
And watch'd your tide of flood.
Through winding streets, and darkened lanes,
Safe may'st thou pass, nor for thy pains,
Be shipwreck'd in the mud.

VER. 1. O Navis ! referent ** te novi
 Fluctus ? O quid agis ? ****
 Vix durare carinae
 Possint **
 Nudum remigio latus.
 Et malus * saucius *
 Antennaeque gemant **.
 ** Fortiter occupa
 Portum ****.

V. 2. * Non tibi sunt integra lintea ;
 Non Di ****.
 Silvae filia nobilis
 Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile ;
 Nil ** navita **
 Fidit. Tu, nisi *
 Debes ludibrium, cave.

V. 3. Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Vites * Cycladas.

SUMMER EVENING.

How sweet the summer gales of night,
 That blow, when all is peaceful round ;
 As if some spirit's downy flight
 Swept silent through the blue profound.

How sweet at midnight to recline,
 Where flows their cool and fragrant stream ;
 There half repeat some raptur'd line ;
 There court each wild and fairy dream.

Or idly mark the volumed clouds,
 Their broad, deep mass of darkness throw,
 Where as the moon her radiance shrouds,
 Their changing sides with silver glow.

Or see where from that depth of shade,
 The ceaseless lightning faintly bright
 In silence plays, as if afraid
 To break the deep repose of night.

Or gaze on heav'ns unnumber'd fires,
 While dimly-imaged thoughts arise,
 And fancy, loosed from earth, aspires
 To search the secrets of the skies.

What various beings there reside,
 What forms of life to man unknown
 Drink the rich flow of bliss, whose tide
 Wells from beneath th' eternal throne.

Or life's uncertain scenes revolve,
And musing how to act or speak,
Feel some high wish, some proud resolve
Throb in the heart, or flush the cheek.

Meanwhile may reason's light, whose beam,
Dimmed by the world's oppressive gloom,
Sheds but a dull, unsteady gleam,
In this still hour its rays relume.

Then oft in this still hour be mine
The light all meaner passions fear,
The wandering thought, the high design,
And fairy dreams to virtue dear.

HORACE, ODE 30, LIB. I.

TO VENUS.

1. Oh lovely Venus, beauteous queen
Of Gnidus and the Cyprian isle,
Ah quit for once thy fav'rite scene,
And deign on Glycera to smile.
2. Within her temple, where she bends,
And breathes before thy shrine her prayer,
While high the fragrant cloud ascends,
Oh be thy sacred influence there.
3. And bring with thee thy wanton boy,
Warm with love's impetuous fire,
The nymphs, array'd in smiles of joy,
And graces in their loose attire.
4. With thee let winged Mercury come,
And jocund youth before thee move,
Youth*, beauteous only, when his bloom
Mingles with the blush of love.

C—.

* Et parum comis sine te juvenas.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

AUGUST, 1809.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commutanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.

PLIN.

ART. 6.

The Columbiad, a poem, by Joel Barlow. Philadelphia; Fry and Kammerer. 4to. pp. 554.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, was published by the author mentioned above the *Vision of Columbus*, which contains the outline and many of the materials of the present poem. The *Columbiad* however, beside very considerable additions, is improved and elevated throughout. It is, in its present state, a very uncommon production, and one, which, considering its general plan and the singular conformity of character in all its parts, forms a sort of epoch in the literature of our country.

The present poem opens in a very appropriate manner (as may appear) with an invocation to Freedom. That undoubtedly, in which the author wanted her assistance, and in which he has indeed been very successful, was in freeing himself from the old prescriptive rules of criticism, those rusty fetters by which genius has been so long manacled. The oppressive regulations, of which we speak, have produced, it is true, many murmurs of disgust and many symptoms of sedition, but still their authority was in some degree respected, and before the author of this poem none had dared to break out into such open rebellion and defiance. It is this, which constitutes the grand characteristick of the work; and of this we shall now proceed to give a few of the more remarkable instances.

The present work obviously comes nearer to the class of epick poems, than to any other. With regard to these it has been

required, that they should have for their subject one single great event, to which all their parts are to have relation. The present poem, on the contrary, avoiding this tedious uniformity, treats of a variety of things, which have no common bond of connection, except their nearer or more remote reference to one or the other of the grand divisions of the continent of America. The first book is geographical, and contains an account of its mountains and rivers, and of the face of the country in general. The six next books are historical and fictitious, and narrate events, which have been, or might have been transacted in either of the divisions of the continent before mentioned, relating, for instance, to the history of Capac, the first of the race of Incas, in South America, and to the planting of the British colonies in North America, to their early wars, and finally to the revolution, by which they were separated from their parent country. The eighth book is miscellaneous, and has no particular subject; and the two remaining books are retrospective and prophetic concerning the past and future condition of mankind, which is to undergo a thorough change for the better, when religion and government, as we now know them, being in their present state the two great parents of the miseries of mankind, are to be entirely done away. In this blessed change America is to participate, which constitutes, as far as we can perceive, the connection between these two books and the rest of the poem. Such is the abundance of matter, which it has been contrived to compress into this single work, without, we should think, any reader's being disposed to complain that its author has not written enough upon each one of these subjects.

Beside the rule requiring the unity of an epick poem, another, which criticks have laboured to establish, is that its subject should not be of modern date; and they have particularly insisted, that from every serious poem, which treats of recent events, the agency of supernatural beings should be entirely excluded. Both these latter rules the author of this poem treats with equal contempt. What is here described or narrated is supposed to be exhibited to Columbus in vision; and in the course of the events thus exhibited as about to take place, machinery of every kind is continually recurring. Thus, to mention one instance, on the first sailing of lord Delaware up the Chesapeake all the neighbouring river gods rise to welcome him, and the Potowmak at their head addresses him in a pretty long oration in honour of his arrival. But the most splendid thing of this kind is introduced in the account of General Washington's passage of the Delaware before the battle of Trenton. It is a description of the violent opposition of the river and of a tremendous combat between the Genius of America and a being by the name of Frost, whose nature we shall not now attempt to explain, as we intend to notice again this part of the poem. In particular defence of the author's freeing himself from unnecessary restraint in the use of machinery we need only say, that, if he had not done so, we should have

lost this wonderful description, which we think goes beyond any thing that we have ever met with in a similar style of writing.

Another thing, which has been required in an epick poem, is that the characters introduced should be distinctly marked and distinguished from each other. In the present work the author invests all his favourite characters with an uniform dignity and splendour. Of this we will give a few examples. The following is his character of Raleigh :

“ High on the tallest deck majestic shone
 “ Sage Raleigh, pointing to the western sun ;
 “ His eye, bent forward, ardent and sublime,
 “ Seem’d piercing nature and evolving time ;
 “ Beside him stood a globe, whose figures traced
 “ A future empire in each present waste ;
 “ All former works of men behind him shone
 “ Graved by his hand in ever during stone ;
 “ On his calm brow a various crown displays
 “ The hero’s laurel and the scholar’s bays ;
 “ His graceful limbs in steely mail were drest,
 “ The bright star burning on his lofty breast ;
 “ His sword, high waving, flash’d the solar ray,
 “ Illumed the shrouds and rainbow’d far the spray.”

Nothing, one would think, could be finer than the couplet in this description, where we are told that the eye of Raleigh

“ Seemed piercing nature and evolving time.”

In the next book however, where the great men of the American revolution are enumerated, the two Adamses, Hancock and Jefferson are grouped together, and characterized in a body, and of them we are told, that they

“ With eye retortive looked creation through.”

“ Retortive” is a new word, but, if we may judge from the analogies of language, its meaning must be “ cast backward.” Here, then, by a single epithet the author represents these four great men as having got the start of and looking back upon creation.

The following is the description of Washington, when first introduced at the head of the American armies ; and between the description of the American general, and that of Raleigh, we think we can trace some resemblance :

“ In front firm Washington superior shone,
 “ His eye directed to the half-seen sun ;
 “ As thro the cloud the bursting splendors glow,
 “ And light the passage to the distant foe.
 “ His waving steel returns the living day,
 “ And points, thro unfought fields, the warrior’s way.”

The following passage is in honour of General Putnam :

“ There strides bold Putnam, and from all the plains
 “ Calls the tired troops, the tardy rear sustains,
 “ And, mid the whizzing balls that skim the lowe,
 “ Waves back his sword, defies the following foe.”

The following is the first mention of Montgomery :

“ With eager look, conspicuous o’er the crowd,
 “ And port majestic, brave Montgomery strode,
 “ Bared his tried blade, with honor’s call elate,
 “ Claim’d the first field and hasten’d to his fate.”

In the following lines General Burgoyne is first introduced to notice :

“ Tall on the boldest bark superior shone
 “ A warrior ensign’d with a various crown ;
 “ Myrtles and laurels equal honors join’d,
 “ Which arms had purchased and the Muses twined ;
 “ His sword waved forward, and his ardent eye
 “ Seem’d sharing empires in the southern sky.”

It is thus that the author writes throughout this poem. All his heroes stride, and are majestick, and wave their swords, and stretch their eyes, and, when engaged in battle on the right side, they mow down whole ranks with their falchions. This however is nothing more than was done by the most gentle knights of romance ; so that we may say in general, that there is a sort of *aquatinta* softness and indistinctness of outline about all the figures, which are exhibited in this poem.

Another rule with regard to epick poems required, when the characters introduced were not of the poet’s invention, but were already known in history, that no qualities should be attributed to them very different from what they were in reality considered to possess. It may be conjectured from what has been last said, that this rule is not scrupulously regarded in the present poem. The characters introduced from history undergo a process of melioration and refinement. Of this there is abundance of examples, but we shall notice only in the character of Columbus. It is astonishing what a transformation the grave old sailor undergoes from the author of this poem. He becomes a man of the most tearful and irritable sensibility. In the beginning of the poem he is represented with some poetical license, as being confined in a dungeon in Castile, by the command of Ferdinand, where he

“ Sweats the chill sod and breathes inclement skies.”

Here he awakes and delivers a long soliloquy concerning his past services and present situation, in which, after describing in a very lamentable manner the mutinous disposition of his crews during his first voyage to America, he proceeds :

“ In that sad hour, this feeble frame to save,
 “ (Unblest reprieve) and rob the gaping wave,
 “ The morn broke forth, these tearful orbs descried
 “ The golden banks that bound the western tide.”

This lamentation he at last concludes with repeatedly wishing to die, in an apostrophe to his patroness Isabella :

“ Hear from above, thou dear departed shade ;
 “ As once my hopes, my present sorrows aid,
 “ Burst my full heart, afford that last relief,
 “ Breathe back my sighs and reinspire my grief.”

* * * * *

“ Ah, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,
 “ That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the light ;
 “ These welcome shades shall close my instant doom,
 “ And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb.”

At this moment, accompanied with thunder and lightning and the other ceremonies usual upon such occasions, the Genius of America enters, and after announcing first his dignity and then his name, which is Hesper, and mentioning likewise his brother's name, which is Atlas, declares his business to be the administering of consolation to Columbus. As a means to this purpose he carries him to the top of an high mountain, where he shews him in vision (to which we have before alluded) the whole continent of America, and the events to be there transacted as far as to the epoch of the writing of the Columbiad, and the future consequent situation of mankind, but this latter somewhat, more generally and indistinctly. During this exhibition the new character of Columbus is continually discovering itself. His tears flow upon all sorts of occasions. When for instance he perceives, the straits of Magellan :

“ Soon as the distant swell was seen to roll,
 “ His ancient wishes reabsorb'd his soul ;
 “ Warm from his heaving heart a sudden sigh
 “ Burst thro his lips ; he turn'd his moisten'd eye,
 “ And thus besought his Angel : speak, my guide,
 “ Where leads the pass ?”

* * * * *

“ There spreads, belike, that other unsail'd main
 “ I sought so long, and sought, alas, in vain.”

When the victories and conduct of Cortes are predicted by the Genius, who, like other shewmen, exhibits something, and tells something, Columbus, instead of being roused to indignation, is melted into tears.

“ Columbus heard ; and, with a heaving sigh,
 “ Dropt the full tear that startled in his eye :
 “ Oh hapless day ! his trembling voice replied,
 “ That saw my wandering pennon mount the tide.

He then goes on to talk in such a way as seems to put his companion a little out of temper,

“While sorrows thus his patriarch pride control,
“Hesper reproving soothes his tender soul.”

We might produce other examples of a similar kind; but these are sufficient to illustrate our meaning, and to exhibit Columbus in that point of view, in which he is most frequently placed throughout this poem.

Another rule, respecting epick poetry, laid an obligation upon the poet, to regard the manners and usages of any age or country, the events of which he might be describing. In the Columbiad there are none of those long, circumstantial and connected narrations, which we find in other poems; nor is there much attempt to display the peculiar character of any particular age or nation more than of individuals; but there is maintained for the most part a certain air of grandeur and generality; so that the rule of which we are speaking did not often come in the way of the genius of its author. When it did however, it has been trampled upon with as little remorse as any other. We may give as an example of this the deeds performed in battle by single heroes, of which we have before spoken. In his attack on Quebeck (for instance) Montgomery is described as being

“Begirt with foes within the sounding wall,
“Who thick beneath his single falchion fall.”

On another occasion Arnold is thus described:

“Arnold’s dread falchion, with terrific sway,
“Rolls on the ranks and rules the doubtful day,
“Confounds with one wide sweep the astonish’d foes,
“And bids at last the scene of slaughter close.”

And in the battle of Monmouth Washington thus appears:

“Behind, swift Washington his falchion drives,
“Thins the pale ranks, but saves submissive lives.”

These, we suppose, are feats of not very frequent occurrence in modern battle, especially as performed by general-officers; but the prowess described in the following passage we take to be altogether unexampled:

“Here Arnold charged; the hero storm’d and pour’d
“A thousand thunders where he turn’d his sword.
“No pause, no parley; onward far he fray’d,
“Dispersed whole squadrons every bound he made.”

It seems to be expected, that an epick poet should adopt some one system of mythology or religion, which he should uniformly regard throughout his work. The author of the present poem however does not discover any such particular partialities and attachments. Sometimes he adopts the Pagan mythology and

speaks for example, [b. iv. l. 449, &c.] of the soul of man being enkindled by the fire of Prometheus. Sometimes he writes like a philosopher and [b. ii. l. 71, &c....b. ix. l. 101, &c.] gives us curious theories concerning the first formation of man by a concourse of atoms operated upon by "efficient causes," his miserable and imperfect state when thus produced, and his gradual improvement in successive generations; and sometimes with great modesty he seems to think himself to have, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek in Shakespear expresses it, "no more wit than a christian or a common man," and writes very much as if he were a believer.

As to the versification of this poem, it is not such as we could praise in any other, but which suits very well to the character of the present, in which an attention to minute accuracy would have been entirely out of place. The lines, for instance, in the third and fourth couplets of the poem, do not rhyme. We shall give them with the two couplets which precede:

"I sing the Mariner who first unfurl'd
 "An eastern banner o'er the western world,
 "And taught mankind where future empires lay
 "In these fair confines of descending day;
 "Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,
 "Iberia's sceptre on the new found shore,
 "Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod
 "Pursued by avarice and defiled with blood.

Beside couplets of a similar construction, as it respects their termination, with the two last, there are others, in which for the sake of a rhyme some unlucky word is compelled to serve in an office, to which it has been quite unaccustomed, as in the following, where the word "haze" is used as a verb:

"Night held on old Castile her silent reign,
 * * * * *
 "O'er Valladolid's regal turrets hazed
 "The drizzly fogs from dull Pisuerga raised."

Or couplets in which, for the like cause, the niceties of grammatical instruction are a little disregarded, as in the following, where the verb at the end of the first line has the plural form instead of the singular:

"Land after land his passing notice claim
 "And hills by hundreds rise without a name."

Or others, finally, in which the sense is somewhat neglected in the reducing of refractory words into the form of verse, as in what succeeds,

"See Quito's plains o'erlook their proud Peru,
 "On whose huge base, like isles amid sky driven,
 "A vast protuberance props the cope of heaven."

As it respects the phraseology of this poem, its author uses the privilege, which belongs to writers of the first class, of enriching the language and extending its limits. His improvements in this way may be reduced, for the most part, to three classes, comprehending 1st, words entirely of his own invention ; 2d, old words used in new senses ; 3d, words made poetical, which had been considered as hopelessly prosaick ; and to some one of these three classes a great portion of his language is to be referred ; as may be apparent in the extracts already made, and will be in those we may have occasion to produce.

With respect to figurative language, this poem abounds in figures, many of which are splendid compounds of hyperbole and metaphor, and have a very grand effect. Indeed we scarcely ever met with a work, in which every thing, to use an expressive vulgarism, was so much of a piece as in the present poem.

We have thus given the general character of the Columbiad. We shall now go through the Books in their order, noticing a few passages, which may tend further to illustrate the genius of its author.

The first book is, as we have before noticed, descriptive. As a specimen of the talents displayed in this style of writing, we shall give the conclusion of a passage relating to the river Maragnon.

“ Like heaven’s broad milkyway he shines alone,
 “ Spreads o’er the globe its equatorial zone,
 “ Weighs the cleft continent, and pushes wide
 “ Its balanced mountains from each crumbling side.
 “ Sire Ocean hears his proud Maragnon roar,
 “ Moves up his bed, and seeks in vain the shore,
 “ Then surging strong, with high and hoary tide,
 “ Whelms back the stream and checks his rolling pride.
 “ The stream ungovernable foams with ire,
 “ Climbs, combs tempestuous, and attacks the Sire ;
 “ Earth feels the conflict o’er her bosom spread,
 “ Her isles and uplands hide their wood-crown’d head ;
 “ League after league from land to water change,
 “ From realm to realm the seaborne monsters range ;
 “ Vast midland heights but pierce the liquid plain,
 “ Old Andes tremble for their proud domain ;
 “ Till the fresh Flood regains his forceful sway,
 “ Drives back his father Ocean, lash’d with spray ;
 “ Whose ebbing waters lead the downward sweep,
 “ And waves and trees and banks roll whirling to the deep.”

This is original. We speak with confidence, when we say, that nothing like it was ever written before ; and we cannot affirm, that we look forward with much hope to the ever seeing any thing like it written hereafter. If we were obliged to select the finest trait in this description, we think it should be that in which this unnatural river is represented as chasing his father ocean, and lashing him with spray ; though the conception of his

cutting the continent into halves, and pushing one mountain on one side, and one on another, to make weight, is certainly almost as fine a one. There is one thing however, which lessens our pleasure from this description, that is, our ignorance of what is meant by "combing;" in the line "Climbs, combs tempestuous," &c. this being one of those new words, with which the author has enriched our written language.

The paragraph succeeding that, whose conclusion we have quoted, begins with a description of the marsh of Moxoe :

"The marsh of Moxoe scoops the world, and fills
 "(From Bahja's coast to Cochabamba's hills)
 "A thousand leagues of bog."

It ends with that of the La Plata.

"Wide over earth his annual freshet strays,
 "And highland drains with lowland drench repays."

Passing over several pages, we come to the description of the St. Lawrence, which, if our limits would permit, we might be tempted to give as a companion piece to that of the Maragnon. It recounts the contests of the former river with the ice, and his final victory, through the assistance of Sire Ocean; and is written in the same style of tremendous grandeur with the one already quoted.

After all this tempest of sublimity, *apres tant de tintamarre*, to steal a phrase from conversation, the author considered, that the mind of his reader would need some repose. He accordingly inserts an address to a lady, whose father had been lost at sea. From speaking of the ice in the St. Lawrence, he takes occasion to speak of ice islands; and from ice islands, of ships foundering at sea; and thus introduces this little passage of consolation and condolence for the relief of his readers, as before mentioned, and for the relief of the lady. We shall give the passage entire; and we think it must be acknowledged, that the topicks of consolation are selected with great art and judgment, the one being, that her father died almost before her remembrance, and the other that she is now well married.

"Say, Palfrey, brave good man, was this thy doom?
 "Dwells here the secret of thy midsea tomb?
 "But, Susan, why that tear? my lovely friend,
 "Regret may last, but grief should have an end.
 "An infant then, thy memory scarce can trace
 "The lines, though sacred, of thy father's face;
 "A generous spouse has well replaced the sire;
 "New duties hence new sentiments require."

The second and third books of this poem relate to the history of South America, and especially to the establishment of the race of Incas. Capac, the first of that race, after having obtained supreme power in Peru, was, it seems, engaged in continual wars with the neighbouring tribes, till his son came to maturity.

His son then determined to set out on an expedition for the laudable purpose of inducing them, by means of persuasion, to submit to his father's authority, and to become converts to his religion. This however was not without danger, for there was a chance that, instead of effecting any good, he himself might be caught and offered up as a sacrifice to one of their barbarous gods. Before his setting out, his father delivers to him a long address, in which among other things he adverts to this circumstance, and advises him to act with caution. We shall give a part of what is here said by the father, as a specimen of the pathetick passages in this poem. Capac tells his son, that, if he should get burnt to death, his mother would be very much distressed, the sun would go into mourning, and he himself and all his subjects would rue the day that he set out; which is certainly offering a very wide scope for our sympathy.

“Should'st thou, my Rocha, tempt too far their ire,
“Should those dear relics feed a murderous fire,
“Deep sighs would rend thy wretched mother's breast,
“The pale sun sink in clouds of darkness drest,
“Thy sire and mournful nations rue the day
“That drew thy steps from these sad walls away.”

We think every one must have observed that fine circumstance in this address, where the father, in the agony of his grief, speaks of his son as already dead, and calls his body, then present, “dear relics,” which very naturally expresses the confusion of thought incident to extreme distress.

We are afraid of wearying our readers with unnecessary illustration of the beauties of this poem, and pass on to the fifth book, where commences the narrative of the war of the American revolution. In this book there is a description of the Demon War, as seen striding over the ocean, and in the next a very similar one of Cruelty, sitting upon a prison ship. These descriptions were written to excite a proper disgust against the objects described, and are accordingly exceedingly loathsome and offensive; too much so for us to give any part as a specimen, considering that its moral effect would be lost, if detached from the rest, and nothing but its disgusting qualities remain. The first extract, therefore, that we shall make from this part of the work, is a paragraph relating to the burning of Falmouth, Charlestown, &c. which we shall leave without comment to the admiration of our readers.

“Thro solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires
“Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,
“Concentring all the winds; whose forces, driven
“With equal rage from every point of heaven,
“Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour
“The twisting flames and thro the rafters roar,
“Suck up the cinders, send them sailing far,
“To warn the nations of the raging war,

"Bend high the blazing vortex, swell'd and curl'd,
 "Careering, brightening o'er the lusted world,
 "Absorb the reddening clouds that round them run,
 "Lick the pale stars, and mock their absent sun:
 "Seas catch the splendor, kindling skies resound,
 "And falling structures shake the smouldering ground."

A little further on the author speaks of the American riflemen, and insists much upon their being excellent marksmen. For the sake of illustrating the subject, he introduces as a simile the action of Tell in striking off, with an arrow, the apple from the head of his son. A common author, if he had ventured to introduce this simile upon such an occasion, would probably have used it merely for the purpose of embellishment. He might have attempted to describe the appearance of the father, the paleness and fixture of his countenance, and the gloomy and restless silence of the spectators. Here, on the contrary, the main purpose, for which the simile is introduced, is steadily kept in view. The author, having declared that the American marksmen shot as well as Tell did upon this occasion, remembers that it is his business to inform us how well he did shoot; and this is done with such admirable particularity and minuteness, that we seem to be placed on the spot, and looking over the shoulder of the father, aiming just above the head of his son, for the sake of learning archery.

"Deep doubling tow'rd his breast, well poised and slow,
 "Curve the strain'd horns of his indignant bow;
 "His left arm straightens as the dexter bends,
 "And his nerved knuckle with the gripe distends;
 "Soft slides the reed back with the stiff drawn strand,
 "Till the steel point has reacht his steady hand;
 "Then to his keen fixt eye the shank he brings,
 "Twangs the loud cord, the feather'd arrow sings,
 "Picks off the pippin from the smiling boy,
 "And Uri's rocks resound with shouts of joy."

In the beginning of the next book is the description of the passage of the Delaware, to which we have before referred. It is much too long for insertion entire, and at the same time not to be passed over in silence, as it is by itself fully sufficient to put at rest all question with regard to the merits of this work. We shall therefore give those parts, which are most characteristick, and supply by the way what is necessary for connection. It is of Washington, that the author is speaking, in the passage which follows:

"From Hudson's bank to Trenton's wintry strand,
 "He guards in firm retreat his feeble band;
 "Britons by thousands on his flanks advance,
 "Bend o'er his rear and point the lifted lance.
 "Past Delaware's frozen stream, with scanty force,
 "He checks retreat; then turning back his course,

" Remounts the wave, and thro the mingled roar
 " Of ice and storm, reseeks the hostile shore,
 " Wrapt in the gloom of night. The offended Flood
 " Starts from his cave, assumes the indignant god,
 " Rears thro the parting tide his foamy form,
 " And with his fiery eyeballs lights the storm.
 " He stares around him on the host he heard,
 " Clears his choked urn and smooths his icy beard."

After these preliminaries, the God delivers a very angry expostulation, full of dreadful threatenings, if the army attempted to proceed, without however very clearly explaining in what he thought himself injured. The boats, however, push on at the command of the general, and, from what they encounter without being destroyed, must have been boats of a very extraordinary construction.

" The chief beholds the god, and notes his cry,
 " But onward drives, nor pauses to reply ;
 " Calls to each bark, and spirits every host
 " To toil, gain, tempt the interdicted coast."

* * * * *

" The god perceived his warning words were vain,
 " And rose more furious to assert his reign,
 " Lash'd up a loftier surge, and heaved on high
 " A ridge of billows that obstruct the sky ;
 " And, as the accumulated mass he rolls,
 " Bares the sharp rocks and lifts the gaping shoals.
 " Forward the fearless barges plunge and bound,
 " Top the curl'd wave, or grind the flinty ground,
 " Careen, whirl, right, and sidelong dasht and tost,
 " Now seem to reach and now to lose the coast.
 " Still unsubdued the sea-drench'd army toils,
 " Each buoyant skiff the flouncing godhead foils ;
 " He raves and roars, and in delirious woe
 " Calls to his aid his ancient hoary foe,
 " Almighty Frost.

His entreaty for assistance is violent and effectual. Frost comes to his aid, arrives on the spot, and sneezes, which produces a terrible storm. This last conception, notwithstanding all that we had before met with in the poem, and even the description in the same paragraph, which immediately precedes, did give us something like a sensation of surprise.

" Roused at the call, the monarch mounts the storm ;
 " In muriat flakes he robes his nitrous form,
 " Glares thro the compound, all its blast inhales,
 " And seas turn crystal where he breathes his gales.
 " He comes careering o'er his bleak domain,
 " But comes untended by his usual train ;
 " Hail, sleet and snow-rack far behind him fly,
 " Too weak to wade thro this petrific sky,

" Whose air consolidates and cuts and stings,
 " And shakes hoar tinsel from its flickering wings.
 " Earth heaves and cracks beneath the alighting god ;
 " He gains the pass, bestrides the roaring flood,
 " Shoots from his nostrils one wide withering sheet
 " Of treasured meteors on the struggling fleet ;
 " The waves congelate instant, fix in air,
 " Stand like a ridge of rocks, and shiver there."

The boats remain fixed, and the army never think of passing over upon this body of ice, formed so opportunely. This must have been owing, as we suppose, for the cause is not mentioned, to the perturbation of mind produced by such extraordinary adventures as they had encountered. Here then they are in danger of perishing ; but Hesper, the genius of America, descends to their assistance.

" He cleaves the clouds ; and, swift as beams of day,
 " O'er California sweeps his splendid way ;
 " Missouri's mountains at his passage nod,
 " And now sad Delaware feels the present god,
 " And trembles at his tread. For here to fight
 " Rush two dread powers of such unmeasured might,
 " As threats to annihilate his doubtful reign,
 " Convulse the heaven and mingle earth and main.
 " Frost views his brilliant foe with scornful eye,
 " And whirls a tenfold tempest thro the sky ;
 " Where each fine atom of the immense of air,
 " Steel'd, pointed, barb'd for unexampled war,
 " Sings o'er the shuddering ground ; when thus he broke
 " Contemptuous silence, and to Hesper spoke."

After some words have passed between them, Hesper wrests a pine tree from the ground, and aims a blow at Frost. The blow does not take effect, but the tree falls upon the ice, which he, changing his plan, proceeds in this manner to beat to powder, for the sake of disengaging the army. Frost gives up the cause in despair ; the boats are set free, and pass over, and thus the description concludes :

" He seized a lofty pine, whose roots of yore
 " Struck deep in earth, to guard the sandy shore
 " From hostile ravage of the mining tide,
 " That rakes with spoils of earth its crumbling side.
 " He wrencht it from the soil, and o'er the foe,
 " Whirl'd the strong trunk, and aim'd a sweeping blow,
 " That sung thro air, but miss'd the moving god,
 " And fell wide crashing on the frozen flood.
 " For many a rood the shivering ice it tore,
 " Loosed every bark and shook the sounding shore ;
 " Stroke after stroke with doubling force he plied,
 " Foil'd the hoar Fiend and pulverized the tide.
 " The baffled tyrant quits the desperate cause ;
 " From Hesper's heat the river swells and thaws,

"The fleet rolls gently to the Jersey coast,
 "And morning splendors greet the landing host."

We feel relief in the consideration, that all comments upon this passage are unnecessary; as we presume our readers will have but one opinion, and but one shade of opinion, with regard to its character.

The next book opens with an account of the aid received by the American states from the French monarch. The Vision of Columbus was, as we have before noticed, the grub state of the present poem. That work was addressed, by permission, to Louis XVI. in a dedication, from which the following passages are extracts.

"America acknowledges her obligations to the Guardian of her rights; mankind, who survey your conduct, and posterity, for whom you act, will see, that the tribute of gratitude is paid.

"If to patronise the arts can add to the praise of these more glorious actions, your majesty's fame in this respect will be ever sacred; as there are none, who can feel the subject so strongly as those, who are the particular objects of your royal condescension.

* * * * *

"With the deepest sense of your majesty's royal munificence to my country, and gracious condescension to myself," &c.

In that poem the sixth book began in the following manner. After mentioning the appearance of France in the vision, it is added:

"Great Louis there the pride of monarchs sate;
 "And fleets and moving armies round him wait;
 "O'er western shores extend his ardent eyes,
 "Through glorious toils where struggling nations rise.
 "Each virtuous deed, each new illustrious name
 "Wakes in his soul the living light of fame.
 "He sees the liberal, universal cause,
 "That wondering worlds in still attention draws:

* * * * *

"A tear of pity spoke his melting mind;
 "He raised his sceptre to relieve mankind;
 "Eyed the great father of the Bourbon name;
 "Awak'd his virtues, and recalled his fame.
 "Fired by the grandeur of the splendid throne
 "Illustrious chiefs and councils round him shone;
 "On the glad youth with kindling joy they gaze,
 "The rising heir of universal praise.
 "Vergennes rose stately, &c.

* * * * *

"O'er all the approving monarch cast a look;
 "And listening nations trembled while he spoke;
 "Ye states of France," &c.

This was written in other times. The king of France has since been dethroned, and is dead; and the following are some extracts from that part of the Columbiad coincident with the passage from which we have been quoting:

"Young Bourbon there in royal splendor sat,
 "And fleets and moving armies round him wait.
 "For now the contest, with increased alarms,
 "Fill'd every court and roused the world to arms;
 "As Hesper's hand, that light from darkness brings,
 "And good to nations from the scourge of kings,
 "In this dread hour bade broader beams unfold,
 "And the new world illuminate the old.
 "In Europe's realms a school of sages trace
 "The expanding dawn that waits the Reasoning Race."
 * * * * *
 "Thro tears of grief that speak the well taught mind,
 "They hail the era that relieves mankind.
 "Of these the first, the Gallic sages stand,
 "And urge their king to lift an aiding hand."
 * * * * *
 "By honest guile the royal ear they bend,
 "And lure him on, blest freedom to defend;
 "That, once recognised, once establisht there,
 "The world might learn her profer'd boon to share.
 "But artful arguments their plan disguise,
 "Garb'd in the gloss that suits a monarch's eyes.
 "By arms to humble Britain's haughty power,
 "From her to sever that extended shore,
 "Contents his utmost wish. For this he lends
 "His powerful aid, and calls the opprest his friends.
 "The league proposed, he lifts his arm to save,
 "And speaks the borrow'd language of the brave:
 "Ye states of France," &c.

The expressions of grateful applause, which he had made to the living, a man of common mind would not have been very willing to take away from the dead; nor to insult the memory of one, to whom he had promised the praises of posterity. It is not often, that there is so publickly exhibited such a complete victory over common prejudices and vulgar feelings, as is here displayed.

Mr. Barlow however gives us to understand, that he is a man of extraordinary sensibility. Near the beginning of the eighth book there is the following curious passage:

"Too long the groans of death and battle's bray
 "Have rung discordant thro my turgid lay:
 "The drum's rude clang, the war wolf's hideous owl
 "Convulsed my nerves and agonised my soul,
 "Untuned the harp for all but misery's pains,
 "And chased the Muse from corse-encumber'd plains."

Now if this be true, that is, we mean if we are not to make an extravagant allowance for poetical expression, the author must have suffered more in writing the poem, than we have done in reading it; though we do not pretend that our nerves have been in the most quiet state during the whole of its perusal.

We shall give a passage or two from this book, as specimens of a style a little different from any that we have yet exhibited.

“ Ah ! would you not be slaves, with lords and kings,
 “ Then be not masters ; there the danger springs.
 “ The whole crude system that torments this earth,
 “ Of rank, privation, privilege of birth,
 “ False honor, fraud, corruption, civil jars,
 “ The rage of conquest and the curse of wars,
 “ Pandora’s total shower, all ills combined
 “ That erst o’erwhelm’d and still distress mankind,
 “ Box’d up secure in your deliberate hand,
 “ Wait your behest, to fix or fly this land.
 “ Equality of Right is nature’s plan ;
 “ And following nature is the march of man.
 “ Whene’er he deviates in the least degree,
 “ When, free himself, he would be more than free,
 “ The baseless column, rear’d to bear his bust,
 “ Falls as he mounts, and whelms him in the dust.”

* * * * *

“ Mark modern Europe with her feudal codes,
 “ Serfs, villains, vassals, nobles, kings and gods,
 “ All slaves of different grades, corrupt and curst.
 “ With high and low, for senseless rank athirst,
 “ Wage endless wars ; not fighting to be free,
 “ But *cujum pecus*, whose base herd they ’ll be.”

Such is the author’s equal felicity in different modes of writing ; and when we think of it, we are reminded of a speech in one of Moliere’s comedies, “ La nature vous a traité en vraie mere possionée et vous en êtes l’enfant gâté.

There yet remain two books, which contain the author’s theories concerning the formation of the universe, the origin and diffusion of religion, and various other subjects, particularly the future condition of mankind. They correspond to the two last in the Vision of Columbus ; but there are very many alterations from the state in which they stood in that poem. Of what nature the alterations are, and what is the present character of these two books, may be inferred from a comparison of the following passages, one from the poem just mentioned, and the other what corresponds to it in the Columbiad.

“ Thus soaring Science, daughter of the skies,
 “ First o’er the nations bids her beauties rise ;
 “ Prepares the glorious way to pour abroad
 “ The beams of Heaven’s own morn, the splendours of a God.
 “ Then blest Religion leads the raptured mind
 “ Through brighter fields, and pleasures more refined ;
 “ Teaches the roving eye, at one broad view,
 “ To glance o’er time, and look Existence through ;
 “ See worlds on worlds to Being’s formless end,
 “ With all their hosts on one dread Power depend :

“Seraphs, and suns, and systems round him rise,
 “Live in his life, and kindle from his eyes;
 “His boundless love, his all pervading soul,
 “Illume, sublime and harmonize the whole.”

Vis. of Col. p. 253.

The following is the corresponding passage in the Columbiad.

“Thus Physic Science, with exploring eyes,
 “First o’er the nations bids her beauties rise,
 “Prepares the glorious way to pour abroad
 “Her Sister’s brighter beams, the purest light of God.
 “Then Moral Science leads the lively mind
 “Thro broader fields and pleasures more refined;
 “Teaches the temper’d soul, at one vast view,
 “To glance o’er time and look existence thro,
 “See worlds and worlds, to being’s formless end,
 “With all their hosts on her prime power depend,
 “Seraphs and suns and systems, as they rise,
 “Live in her life and kindle from her eyes,
 “Her cloudless ken, her all pervading soul
 “Illume, sublime and harmonize the whole.”

The passages, which, in these books, in their original state, were of a similar nature with the first quoted, are now either expunged or altered in a like manner; and the character of the books in their present state is throughout conformable to these changes. The author’s religion and philosophy are now on a level with his poetry.

This work is printed in a splendid quarto, with an head of the author prefixed, and ten other elegant engravings from paintings by Smirke.

ART. 7.

Caution recommended in the application and use of scripture language. A Sermon, by William Paley. Republished, Cambridge. Hilliard and Metcalf. 1809.

WE do not think ourselves hazarding a rash assertion, when we say, that the name of Dr. PALEY is among the most respectable in English literature. His powerful good sense is a quality of the mind not so common as others, which more readily gain admiration. This has given to all his works the character of utility. We discover in them a mind of no common manliness of thought and clearness of argument, and this mind directing its labours upon subjects the most worthy of attention. He has no loose and irrelative writing, no unmeaning diffuseness, and no display of learning and authority to supply the place of argument; but he gives his reader the same clear view of his subject, which was spread before his own mind. His intellectual too, are in harmony with his moral qualities, with that calm benevolence and rational piety, which every where in his writings produce a feeling of complacency and friendship for their author.

The design of the present sermon, which is one of the very few that were published by the author himself, is to shew how much the language of scripture has in some instances been misinterpreted and misunderstood; and how erroneously it has been adduced in support of doctrines very remote from the real spirit and character of christianity.

There are few men, we suppose, who reject christianity, because after a careful examination they think themselves to perceive any defect in its evidences; but these doctrines and other corruptions of it do repel men from our religion, and seem to render such an examination unnecessary. They produce an indifference to it in many, who profess themselves christians; and in others, of a more serious temper and firmer belief, they are the cause of much anxiety and distress, from the view which they give of the character and moral government of God. To those therefore, who feel an interest in our religion, and especially to this latter class, it must be gratifying to be told, from such high authority, and to be shewn with such convincing clearness of explanation, that these doctrines are inventions of men misinterpreting the scriptures, and not doctrines of christianity; and that the interpretations, by which they are supported, give a sense to the language of the sacred writers entirely foreign from their purpose and design.

This sermon is particularly adapted to the use of common christians, as it is written with the same admirable perspicuity as the other works of Dr. Paley. Those who already have the same opinions with its author on the subjects here treated, may, we think, find these opinions presented to their minds by this discourse with more clearness and better defined than they were before. Laying aside the *Horae Paulinae*, which has the high praise of original thinking, we do not know where else in his writings we could find an equal number of pages, which would give an higher notion of the mind of Dr. Paley.

It may be proper to remark, that this sermon is not in the volume of sermons, by Dr. Paley, lately printed, which is a posthumous publication. We notice this sermon, because, it being single, our notice may perhaps bring it to the view of some, by whom it might otherwise be overlooked. We are gratified to learn, that a complete edition of the works of Dr. Paley is in the press in this town.

ART. 8.

Eulogium on the Rev. John Smith, D. D. Professor of the learned languages at Dartmouth College. By the President. Hanover, (N. H.) C. and W. S. Spear. 1809. pp. 15.

Short as this discourse is, we could well have spared more than half of it, which has no more connexion with the subject

than with the raising of the Merino sheep. There is a general indistinctness of thought, united with a defect of perspicuity of expression, that makes us rejoice when we arrive at the latter half of this eulogy, in which we find a biographical notice of the deceased professor. The first paragraph will exemplify our remark.

“While admiring the divine wisdom and goodness in the formation of man we behold him possessed of properties, which secure his station far above the other species, and promote his progress to greater glory. To force of mind, to variety and adaptations in the faculties, and dispositions of individuals, are those improvements to be ascribed, which have enriched man with pleasure, and society with power and splendour. Many, in different ages, by cultivating the arts and sciences have contributed to human happiness; but it has chiefly depended on the talents and exertions of a few. It was Jason who seized the golden fleece; it was Hercules, who killed the Lernean hydra and Erymanthian boar.”

The president has interwoven much learning in his brief discourse, but something more than the biographical anecdotes of the great men of antiquity, and references to pagan mythology, and customs of barbarous nations, was necessary to do justice to his subject.

“The Creator, in his wisdom, has not formed the individuals of the human race with universal genius. Cicero appears to have been the only instance, among the ancients, of the same person embracing the various arts and sciences, and excelling in each. One mind seems to have been adapted to only one kind of improvement, so that it might be matured, in its varieties, by the more effectual labours of all. But can this truth justify the usage of the ancient Egyptians, and as continued in India, confining the different professions to particular families? Human institutions cannot control the laws of nature. Genius, restrained, can never advance. Happy, when education, and circumstances, conduct it in the course, which nature designed.”

These observations are intended to appear philosophical, but the appearance is deceptive. The laws of nature, we are told in one sentence, are not to be controlled by human institutions; but the next shews us that they may be, otherwise the reading should be, that genius, though restrained, cannot be prevented from advancing. But this would contradict the experience of Egypt and of India.

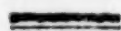
Dr. Smith was most celebrated for his knowledge of grammar, and for his capacity of communicating instruction in that art. We hope his seat may be as ably filled, and we are apprised of the necessity of it from this very performance. In the eulogy we observe defects of grammatical precision, which, in so short a performance, must not claim exemption from the rigid rules of criticism. The author says: “The former president admired and loved him, and taught him theology. The latter [Quere—president?] as a divine, and christian, embraced and inculcated,” &c. The paragraph in which his final sickness is related begins: “His intense pursuits of science affected his constitution, and produced debility, which, more than two years before, began to be observed by his friends.” We discover nothing

antecedent, with which this relative *before* is in any way connected.

We have marked these errors rather on account of the character and station of the writer, than for their importance. We hope the students of the seminary, to which Dr. Smith belonged, will not soon forget his labours, and that they will unite the learning of the president to the precision of the professor.



RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.



ART. 2.

The natural and civil history of Vermont, by Samuel Williams, L. L. D. member &c. &c. &c. Printed at Walpole, New Hampshire, 1794.

WE have been induced to notice this work of Dr. Williams under the head of retrospective review, as the second edition of it, so long expected, has not yet made its appearance.

No country can be perfectly known, till its parts have been thoroughly examined, and accurately described; for the hasty accounts of travellers are seldom of more use, than to amuse an idle hour. The details of minute particulars are frequently uninteresting; but without them, the historian is unable to investigate the causes of events; and the philosopher finds instruction in the smallest portion of nature. We are therefore pleased, when persons of judgment and observation present us with the knowledge of their vicinity, and relieve us from our dependence upon those, who are anxious only to gratify the taste of their readers. A transient passenger has no means of distinguishing between custom and accident, and is apt to judge every thing by his own local habits. Some things appear to him in a false light, and many escape his notice, and he is liable to be imposed upon by the ignorant, the careless, and the designing.

Dr. Williams appears before the publick in an opposite point of view. A man of education, for many years a resident in the country which he describes, and holding a respectable rank among his fellow citizens, he seems to have possessed every requisite for his undertaking.

Dr. Williams commences his history with the boundaries of Vermont, reckoning his longitude from Philadelphia, apparently supposing the honour of his country concerned in an affair, which can only serve to bring confusion into geography. Philadelphia has ceased to have any claim for the first meridian, even in the United States; and it is uncertain, whether the claims of the city of Washington may not soon be equally futile; but as

we continue to derive the best maps and charts, even of our own country, from England, we are still obliged to be acquainted with the meridian of London. In describing the face of the country, Dr. Williams discovers himself to be an attentive observer of nature, seems anxious to explore her recesses, and to account for every alteration that this part of the earth has undergone, since it was first brought out of chaos. His investigations upon the subject of climate are more able and useful. He appears not only very accurate in his observations upon the climate of Vermont, but likewise attentive in comparing them with those of other countries and other ages. He adduces some powerful arguments to shew, that not only the winters of America are becoming less severe, but that the climate of the whole world has been gradually ameliorating since the earliest ages. The chapter upon climate is one of the most valuable in the book, as affording important authentick documents by which future variations may be ascertained.

Of animal and vegetable productions Dr. Williams does not pretend to give his readers a complete catalogue, or a full account of those that are mentioned. There is, however, upon these subjects much valuable information, although occasionally some inaccuracies; for we find the larch and hackmatack in the catalogue as different trees, and under the head of esculents, the choke-cherry, thorn-plumb, and juniper are mentioned, as valuable on account of their salubrious and pleasant fruit. Dr. Williams relates several experiments, which he performed upon trees, but which do not discover the enlightened philosophy we should expect. He tied the end of the limb of a tree in a bottle, and then ascertained the weight of the fluid thrown off by it, in a certain number of hours. Having then cut down the tree, and counted the leaves upon it, he calculated the quantity of water thrown off by the whole tree in twelve hours; and supposing a certain number of trees to the acre, he computed, that every acre of wood-land throws off 3875 gallons of water in every twelve hours. In the same manner he calculates, that every acre throws off 14774 gallons of air in the same space of time. Dr. Williams is not to be blamed for not knowing, that plants absorbed gas from the atmosphere, as well as threw it off, and that their powers were different in the night from what they were in the day, facts discovered since he wrote; but the experiments were so vague and uncertain, and the conclusions so monstrous, that they ought to have raised in his mind doubts at least of their truth. His observations and experiments upon the temperature of trees, are ingenious and satisfactory, and show that the internal parts of trees possess a warmth different from that of the surrounding atmosphere; and that although all trees in winter have the same degree of warmth, yet at other seasons the various species exhibit different degrees of heat, a fact for which he does not attempt to account, but which may possibly be connected with the rapidity of their growth.

With respect to the character and habits of some animals a few interesting facts are related; but the descriptions of others possess not a single distinguishing feature. The article of the beaver is unworthy of its author, and is written in the style of those modern philosophers, who, in their love for the whole of creation, endeavour to elevate the brute to an equality with man. There is scarcely any society found as perfect as that of the beaver is here described.

“The male and female always pair. Their selection is not a matter of chance or accident, but appears to be derived from taste and mutual affection. In September the happy couple lay up their store of provisions for winter.” “Nothing can exceed the peace and regularity which prevails in the families and through the whole commonwealth of these animals. No discord or contention ever appears in any of their families. Every beaver knows his own apartment and store-house; and there is no pilfering or robbing from one another. The male and female are mutually attached to, never prove unfriendly, or desert one another. Their provisions are collected and expended without any dissention. Each knows his own family and business; and they are never seen to injure, oppose or interfere with one another. The same order and tranquillity prevail through the commonwealth. Different societies of beavers never make war upon one another, or upon any other animals.”

Great pains are taken to overthrow the opinion advanced by Buffon and others respecting the diminutive size of American animals, and the facts adduced are sufficient for the purpose. The inferior orders of animals are passed over with a few general observations, an incomplete catalogue, and some trifling remarks.

Upon the subject of the Indians our author has not confined himself to those of his own state, or of the United States; but treats of the original inhabitants of the whole American continent. Their general appearance and character are well described; but a degree of reflection and judgment are attributed to them, particularly in the article of government, which we can scarcely believe them to possess. The advantages of the savage state, are perhaps, too highly coloured; but its disadvantages are faithfully portrayed. This account of the Indians does not contain any new facts, but forms the most interesting part of the volume. In tracing their origin, Dr. W. has followed Robertson, and shows with great clearness, that, with the exception of the Esquimaux, the American savages are a peculiar race, resembling in many respects the Tartars. The resemblance which Dr. Williams has discovered between the Peruvians and the Chinese appears wholly fanciful; and nothing can be lighter than his arguments respecting their antiquity.

The following hundred pages, after a short notice of the first settlement of Vermont, are filled with the history of the disputes of the first settlers with the state of New York. This history contains a full account of the causes and progress of these disputes, which terminated with the admission of Vermont into the federal union. They are related with an apparent impartiality,

which could not have been expected from an actor, and which it is pleasing to find in a person, who having adopted the country of one party, appears not to have imbibed its prejudices against the other. The conduct of New York remarkably exemplifies the inconsistency of human action; while they were exerting every energy to oppose the tyranny of the British government, in imposing a few trifling taxes, they were endeavouring to deprive the inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants, as the people of Vermont were then called, of the lands they had regularly and fairly purchased from the royal governours, supported merely by a subsequent act of the same British government. The indecisive policy adopted by Congress with respect to these disputes, is fairly exposed, and however excusable it might be during the war with Great Britain, when to have taken part against either might have cost them their existence; yet we are greatly disappointed at the continuance of the same policy, when peace had rendered it no longer necessary.

The remainder of the volume is upon the state of society, which embraces the employments of the people of Vermont, their numbers and increase, their customs and manners, laws, religion, and government. Agriculture engages the great body of the people; and it is greatly to be regretted that, upon this subject, Dr. Williams indulges the same kind of pastoral reverie, which has since become so fashionable; and would exalt the farmer to a rank far above every other description of people. He says:

“In no way has the glory of nations been more expanded, than by their attainments and discoveries in science. The mathematicians have measured and settled the dimensions of the solar system, but the new settler has in fact enlarged the bounds of the habitable creation. The philosophers have expanded with the ideas and evidence, that the other planets are inhabited; but the simple and honest farmer has made the earth the place for more inhabitants than it ever had before. And while the astronomers are so justly celebrating the discoveries, and the new planet of Herschel, all mankind should rejoice, that the simple peasant in the wilderness has found out a way to make our planet bear more men.”

There is likewise a great deal of peurile abuse of governments which are not republican. Every advantage, which can possibly result from the constitution and form of government of Vermont, is pointed out; but all the defects of their institutions are carefully concealed. The benefits of unlimited religious toleration are fully displayed, but not a word is said of the indifference to all religion, resulting from the want of obligation to support any. The denial of justice likely to arise from the dependence of the judiciary upon the popular voice, is passed over in silence. It is indeed recorded, that every judicial officer, from the chief justice to a simple magistrate, is annually elected by the general assembly, or by them in conjunction with the governor and council. The justices of peace are of course with a small addition the same persons as the members of assembly; but it is not added that the time of the judges being occupied in

securing another election, that their official duties are of course neglected. We leave our readers to conclude, how far it is possible for a judge in such a situation to act impartially, when he is called upon to decide causes involving popular prejudices, or affecting influential characters. The result is well known; fiction is resorted to, and causes are brought into the courts of the United States, which ought regularly to have been tried in the state courts. Dr. Williams expatiates upon the small sums required to support government. In 1798, the whole expense was less than \$11,000. When government is conducted upon such an economical scale, that its first objects cannot be obtained, there can be little to boast of.

In the chapter upon population Dr. Williams has made such good use of the materials he possessed, that we regret that he had not more facts, upon which he might ground his calculations. His closing observations upon government do not deserve the same praise. They might answer for a popular declaimer in some town meeting, but are unworthy a place in serious history. The appendix contains a paper "upon the variation of the magnetic needle in the eastern states." A paper "upon the change of climate in Europe and other places," and "a dissertation on the colour of men, particularly on that of the Indians of America." These are all drawn up with ability.

Dr. Williams discovers himself to be an industrious investigator of nature, and frequently conducts his inquiries with ability. At the same time, a great degree of puerility, both in manner and matter, pervades his whole work. Truisms, reduced to the form of general observations, are continually introduced with the appearance of newly discovered truths. He seems not to have been habituated to writing. Little pains are bestowed upon the style, and whenever there is an attempt to elevate it, it immediately degenerates into bombast. Notwithstanding these defects, this history of Vermont is a valuable work, and we hope its author will find leisure to publish a corrected edition, which without doubt would be favourably received by the publick.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have on file some lines from our elegant correspondent, C, and a hymn from another wanderer in the groves of Academus,

animae, quales neque candidiores

Terra tulit.

Two letters from N. Webster, on the obstacles to his philological labours, shall be inserted next month. Our pages were engaged before our friend communicated them.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FROM FRENCH PAPERS, TRANSLATED FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

A NEW prospectus of the *Mercure de France* announces that the department of politics and the sciences shall henceforth occupy a greater share of that paper, as well as the mechanick arts and discoveries of every kind. It contains a list of the actual editors (redacteurs), to wit, in the mathematical and physical sciences, Mr. Biot, member of the first class of the Institute: Mr. Cuvier, secretary of the same class, has promised to afford some articles of natural history, chymistry, &c. In literature, the theatres, the fine arts, &c. Mr. Andrieux, member of the second class of the Institute, Mr. de Boufflers, member of the same class, Mr. Ginguene, member of the third class, Mr. Lebreton, secretary of the class of the fine arts, and Messieurs Esmenard, Auger, Amaury-Duval, Michaud, Vanderbourg, &c. &c.

Le Publiciste.

Louis Fernow, professor in the university of Jena, died at Weimar the 3d of December last. He had resided in Rome ten years, and he profited by this residence in studying deeply the theory of the arts and the Italian language. Though taken away in the midst of his career, he has left numerous works on interesting subjects. His *Italian Grammar for the use of Germans*, which appeared in 1804, is esteemed by judges the best and most philosophick which has been given of that language. His dissertation on the *Dialects of Italy*, evinces immense erudition. His critical editions of Dante, Ariosto and Petrarch, enriched with notes and prefaces, would have done honour to the most learned philologists of Italy. He was about adding one of the *satires* of the author of *Orlando Furioso*, which is in a finished state. Death interrupted him in a still more important work, of which he had collected the greater part of the materials; a *universal etymological dictionary* of the ancient Provençal and other languages of the same family, the Spanish, Portuguese and Italian. This loss cannot be too much regretted, as nothing is so uncommon as a union in one person of the various knowledge necessary to repair it. It is impossible to explain in the *romance* language, without the aid of the German, and the study of both is seldom profoundly pursued by the same person.

The Germans consider still more meritorious the service which Mr. Fernow has rendered in his *criticism of the arts*. In a periodical work, which he published at Zurich, under the title of *Roman Studies*, (*Roemische Studien*) he has given dissertations on Canova, on landscape-painting, on colouring, on dramatick painting, on inspiration; which gave reason to hope from him a work on the *poetry of the arts*, of which he had indeed traced the plan, and which would have been the more useful to the artists of his country, as his style, always clear, and his views enlightened, would have served to dissipate the mystical fogs, with which the new German literary school seems to take a pleasure in enveloping all its conceptions.

To Mr. Fernow we also are indebted for a new edition of the *works of Winckelman*, the two first volumes of which he had published. He had not time to compleat the labour on the third volume; but measures have been taken to supply it. This edition will doubtless be the best of the works of that illustrious author.

It is astonishing that Mr. Fernow could have undertaken and terminated so many things in so short a career. This astonishment is increased on learning that this career was strewed with thorns and vexations. Born without fortune, Fernow was only able to support himself at first at Jena by drawing likenesses. Love for arts having led him to Rome, he gave lectures to the German artists residing there, on that part of the philosophy of Kant which

relates to the arts and to poetry. He married a Roman woman, and had one child, when he resolved on returning to his country. A want of pecuniary resources made this journey a very painful one. He embarked his books at Leghorn, which formed his whole treasure, and resolved himself to go on foot. It was in this manner he passed Mount St. Gothard, accompanied by his wife, and carrying the greater part of the time his child in his arms. He was seized with a fever in Switzerland, the effects of which he felt ever afterwards. A journey which he took in 1807 to Carlsbad heated his blood, and he was at last attacked with an aneurism, which prevented him from enjoying, during the last six months of his life, an hour of quiet sleep. The works of Scarpa which he had read pronounced his fate, and he waited its accomplishment with the most stoical firmness. In his last days he still laboured on his edition of Winckelman, though suffering the most tormenting pains.

This estimable man left two children, who had been before deprived of their mother. But his friends will not leave them without protection, and they count much upon that of the enlightened prince who by his ardour to discover and reward merit has made Weimar the asylum of so many distinguished writers.

We hope our readers will excuse us for having entered into so many details concerning a literary character little known in France, but who has deserved the esteem of every country, by his misfortunes, his talents, and his personal merits.

IBID.

The most distressing intelligence is received at Constantinople from the Holy Land. It is reported, that the Armenian inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem have quarrelled with the christians there, and proceeded to such extremity, that many persons have already lost their lives. It is added, that many disasters have happened in the holy city, and that several christian churches have been destroyed.

IBID.

The tribunal of appeals at Lausanne has condemned to five years imprisonment in irons, M. de Siguer, convicted of having killed in a duel, four or five years before, Mr. Crousaz, one of his best friends. To escape the rigour of this judgment, he fled in the night to Cobourg, to implore the protection of H. I. H. the grand dutchess Constantia, in whose service he has the honour to be employed.

IBID.

NAPLES, FEBRUARY 9, 1809.

The frequent and loud eruptions of Vesuvius, which have happened almost without cessation of late, made some naturalists think that this vulcano was about to be extinguished; but the new phaenomena we have observed prove it is not so. After a silence of several months, we saw for some weeks feeble explosions of burning matter, which, on the 28th of January, were followed by a greater eruption, so abundant, that, after filling the bottom of the crater and reaching the level of its mouth, the burning substance, taking the form and direction of lava, poured down in a southeast course towards the forest of Trecase. Soon after, on the east side, and at fifteen paces from the old mouth, a new one was opened, by which the vulcano threw up so large a quantity of stones, that it has formed a little mountain exactly like that which is seen on the other side of the old mouth. The phaenomena, that accompanied this explosion are in other respects the same which have been observed in the greatest eruptions.

IBID.

From Warsaw. Since the introduction of the *Napoleon code* into our grand Dutchy, 17783 suits have been terminated by the justices of the peace.

IBID.

New Publications in Paris.

An essay upon some of the most ancient monuments of geography, terminated by proofs of the identity of the deluges of Yao, of Noah, of Ogyges, and of Atlantis; and a physical explanation of the deluge by Mr. Fortia d'Urban. 1 vol.

Picture of Literature in Europe, from the 16th to the close of the 18th century, and an examination of the political, moral, and religious causes which have had an influence on the genius of the writers, and the character of their productions; by J. Leuliette. 1 vol. 8vo.

The works of Shakespeare, selected from the edition of Johnson and Steevens, in six volumes 12mo. Published at Avignon.

Letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, written between the years 1773, and 1776; followed by two chapters in the style of Sterne's Sentimental Journey. 2 vols. 8vo.

An edition of Stuart's Athens is publishing at Paris.

They expect with eagerness in Germany a work of Madame de Staël, which will be in that country what her *Corinna* is in Italy. The most respectable booksellers have made the author the greatest offers. One, it is said, has offered her 16000 francs, payable on receipt of the manuscript, before reading it.

Le Publiciste.

We are assured, that a German critick, who is employed at Rome in making researches among the libraries, has communicated to several Italian literati a note, in which he announces, that he hopes to prove, that the *Treatise on the Sublime*, considered the work of Longinus, is not the production of that author, but of Dyonisius of Halicarnassus. We must wait the result of his inquiries.

IBID.

To the Editor of the Publiciste.

SIR,

Permit me to inform the publick, through your journal, that having re-acquired the property of my translation of the *Eneid*, I propose giving, very soon, a new edition of it; in which many passages have been carefully retouched, after the advice of persons the best qualified to judge of the beauties and faults of this kind of works.

I announce also, at the same time, that the remarks on the last eight books, such as they are printed, not being by me, I have replaced them by new ones. M. Fermin Didot has undertaken this new edition, and has promised to give it all the care and all the elegance that books published by him possess. I disavow beforehand all other editions.

I would also inform the publick, that a translation of the *Bucolicks*, in spite of my protest against it, has been falsely attributed to me. I have indeed been employed on a translation of the *Bucolicks of Virgil*, which will appear after several compositions that are still in my port-folio.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. DELILLE.

THE CANAL OF LANGUEDOC.

WE have seen within a few days, at the Palais-Royal, a plan *in relief* of the Canal of Languedoc, made during the reign of Louis XIV. to unite the Mediterranean and the ocean. Its whole length, from its opening into the lake of Thaut, to the sluice of the Garonne, at Thoulouse, where it ends, is fifty-four leagues, of which twenty-five are a degree.

In its whole length, there are sixty-two sluices, and one hundred and one basons. The place where the waters divide is one hundred and one toises, three feet and nine inches above the lake of Thaut, and thirty-one toises, three feet and nine inches, above the level of the Garonne, at Thoulouse.

The canal is crossed in different places, by ninety-two bridges, and passes itself over fifty-five aqueducts. These afford channels for so many torrents and rivers which flow under the canal.

The mass of water necessary for this canal, is supplied by many streams, some of which come from the Black Mountain, which unite near Revel, in the reservoir of St. Ferréol, an immense bason, formed, in part, by nature. The reservoir is of an irregular figure, a little resembling a triangle. Two mountains, united at one point, form the sides of the triangle; at the base, is a causeway of five hundred toises in length; the mean height of the triangle is eight hundred toises; the width of the causeway is sixty-one toises, and its height, twenty-five. The surface of this bason, when it is full, is more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand square toises. It is said to contain nine hundred thousand cubick toises of water, that is, more than the whole canal, of which the quantity of water, when full, is estimated only at seven hundred and forty-seven thousand cubick toises.

The canal is dug in many parts through rock, sometimes to the depth of eighteen feet. Between Béziers and Narbonne, it passes under the mountain of Malpas, a distance of ninety-two toises. This mountain is of a species of stone so soft, that it is necessary to support it in part by an arch of masonry. There is only the length of twenty-four toises, that is not arched.

It is left dry every year, in the months of August and September, at the time of the fairs of Beaucaire and Bordeaux, and during this time three or four thousand labourers are employed in cleaning and repairing all parts, which require it.

It is thought to have cost, in 1680, seventeen and a half millions, equal to thirty-three millions now. We are told that one hundred thousand crowns are annually expended in keeping it in repair, and that it produces double that sum, which proves its benefit to our commerce.

It is proved by the most authentick testimony, that the general plan of uniting the ocean to the Mediterranean was conceived even in the reign of Charlemagne; but we must doubt, whether it was through the southern provinces of France that he proposed to effect this junction.

The first plan of the canal of Languedoc, seems to have been formed under Francis I. The proposal then was, to make it only from Thoulouse, a canal of fourteen leagues, from which it would be necessary to enter the river Aude, and thus reach the Mediterranean. Under Charles IX. this communication between the two seas, by means of the canal, was proposed anew in the council. There is preserved in the records of the Abbey de Saint Tibere, the original sheet, presented by the deputies of Languedoc, to the assembly of the states general, holden at Paris, which proves that in that prince's reign, it was proposed to unite the two seas, by a canal through Languedoc.

Under the reign of Henry IV. and towards the end of 1598, the project was again brought forward. The constable, Montmorenci, governour of Languedoc, visited all the spots through which a canal could be made; but this project was interrupted by that of the canal of Briane, which more nearly interested the capital, and which was the first completed in France.

In the time of Louis XIII. the publick was anew engaged with the junction of the two seas. The canal of Languedoc was proposed, as it had been conceived under Francis I. In 1632, cardinal Richelieu intended to make a journey thither; but the embarrassments of state, which intervened, prevented him. An order of council, of January 23, 1636, shews that a commission had passed to a certain person, for the making of this canal, but that he could not finish his undertaking.

It was in 1660, according to the Memoirs of Languedoc, that the matter was seriously examined, and they discussed the plans of Mr. Riquet, considered with justice the author of this grand and useful work. The first stone of the reservoir of Saint Ferréol was laid with the greatest pomp in the beginning of April, 1667, and fourteen years after, on the second of March, 1681, the royal commissioners went over it, to prove the works of the canal wholly finished.

The harbour of Cette was made in 1666, under the direction of Vauban. From this port they enter the canal across the lake of Thaut, which is three leagues long.

There are about two hundred and fifty boats, numbered and registered, that constantly navigate the canal. They are seventy-nine feet long, to fifteen, or seventeen wide. They carry one hundred tons, and draw but five feet of water. These boats are six or seven days, in going from Agde to Thoulouse with a single horse. They go six leagues a day, and do not work by night. Every day there sets out on the canal a post barge, which goes from Agde to Thoulouse in four days.

The breadth of the canal is almost every where sixty feet at the surface of the water, and thirty-two feet at the bottom. The depth of the water is at least six feet, almost every where.

Le Publiciste. Feb. 1809.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR AUGUST, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam medioeria, sunt mala plura. Mart.

NEW WORKS.

Sacred Extracts from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, for the more convenient attainment of a knowledge of the inspired writers. For the use of schools and families. 'And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.' 2 *Timothy*, iii. 15. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

The Civil Officer, or the whole duty of Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables, and Collectors of Taxes. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

Cases of Organick Diseases of the Heart, &c. By J. C. Warren, M. D. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

Medical Papers communicated to the Medical Society. Vol. I. Part. I. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

A Digest and Compendium of the Laws of Massachusetts. Vol. I. Part II. By W. C. White. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

The Cypriad in two Cantos, with other Poems; and Translations. By H. C. Knight. Boston; J. Belcher.

The New York Medical Repository, No. 48, completing the second hexade. E. Cotton, agent, Boston, 1809.

An American Biographical and Historical Dictionary, containing an account of the Lives, Characters, and Writings of the most eminent persons in North America, from its first discovery to the present time, and a summary of the history of the several colonies, and of the United States. By William Allen, A. M. Cambridge, Hilliard & Metcalf, printers.

An Appendix to the New Testament. By James Winthrop, Esq. Cambridge, Hilliard & Metcalf, printers.

An Abridgement of Dr. Forbes' Scripture Catechism. Revised by an association of ministers, and designed for the children of their respective societies. Cambridge, Hillard & Metcalf, printers.

The Mystery of Godliness. A Sermon delivered at Thomaston, June 15th 1809, at the Installation of the Rev. John Lord. By Josiah Webster. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

A Sermon preached before the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company in Boston, June 5th, 1809. By John Foster, A. M. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker.

A Circular Address from the Bible Society of Massachusetts, &c. Boston; J. Belcher.

A Report of the whole trial of general Michael Bright, and others; before Washington and Peters, in the circuit court of the United States, in and for

the district of Pennsylvania, and in the third circuit; on an indictment for obstructing, resisting, and opposing the execution of the writ of arrest, issued out of the district court of Pennsylvania; in the case of Gideon Olmsted and others, against the surviving executrices of David Rittenhouse deceased. By Thomas Lloyd. The arguments of counsel, and charge of the judge revised by each, respectively. Philadelphia; P. Byrne. 1809.

Reports of Cases argued and adjudged in the supreme court of the United States, in the years 1807, and 1808. Vol. 4. By William Cranch, chief judge of the circuit court of the district of Columbia. Flatbush, N. Y. I. Riley. 1809.

The Letters and Sermon of the Rev. William Romain, M. A. to a friend on the most important religious subjects, during a correspondence of twenty years. New York; J. Shedden. 1809.

Letters supposed to have passed between St. Evremond and Waller. To which is prefixed a biographical sketch of St. Evremond, Waller, and several of their cotemporaries. By a gentleman of Baltimore; Cole and Thomas. 1809.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the supreme court of appeals of Virginia: with select cases, relating chiefly to points of justice, decided by the supreme court of chancery for the Richmond district. The second edition, revised, and corrected by the authors. Vol. I. By W. W. Henning and William Munford. Flatbush, N. Y. I. Riley. 1809.

Proof of the Corruption of general James Wilkinson, and of his connexion with Aaron Burr, &c. By Daniel Clark. Philadelphia; Hall and Pierce. 8vo. pp. 199.

Journal of the Senate of the United States of America, during second session, tenth congress. Washington; R. C. Weightman. 8vo. pp. 273.

Extracts from the minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America, A. D. 1809. Philadelphia; Jane Aitken.

NEW EDITIONS.

Practical Observations on the Management of Ruptures: in two parts. Part I. New Inventions and Directions for ruptured Persons. Part II. A familiar Account of the Nature of Ruptures in both Sexes. By William Hall Timbrel, Esq. To which are prefixed two recommendatory Letters, by William Blair, A. M. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; Fellow of the Medical Societies of London, Paris, and Brussels; Surgeon of the Lock Hospital and Asylum, and of the Bloomsbury Dispensary, etc. From the last London edition. With Engravings. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

Sermons on Education; from the German of Zollikofer. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

Patriotick Sketches of Ireland. By Miss Owenson. Two vols. in one. Boston; O. C. Greenleaf.

Abaellino, the Bravo of Venice; a Romance, translated from the German. By M. G. Lewis. 18mo. pp. 299. Boston; O. C. Greenleaf.

Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian tale; and other poems. By Thomas Campbell. Boston; O. C. Greenleaf.

A Letter from Alexander Hamilton, concerning the Publick Conduct and Character of John Adams, Esq. President of the United States. Boston; O. C. Greenleaf. pp. 56.

Correspondence of the late President Adams; originally published in the Boston Patriot. No. 1. Boston; Everett & Munroe.

Caution recommended in the application and use of scripture language, a sermon, preached July 15, 1777, in the Cathedral Church of Carlisle, at the visitation of the right reverend Edmund, Lord Bishop of Carlisle. By William Paley, A. M. late Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge, &c. &c. Cambridge, Hilliard & Metcalf, printers.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the High Court of Chancery in Ireland, during the time of Lord Redesdale. First volume. Containing

the Cases from the beginning of Easter Term, 1802, to the end of Easter term, 1804. By John Schoales, and Thomas Lefroy, Esq. Barristers at Law. New York, I. Riley. 1808.

The Duke of York's Trial, with Memoirs of Mrs. Clark. Boston; J. Belcher. 8vo. pp. 371.

Manifesto of the Spanish Nation to Europe, dated at the Royal Palace of Alcazar, Seville, January 1, 1809. New-York; E. Sargeant.

The Life of Petrarch, collected from *Memoires pour la vie de Petrarch*, by Mrs. Dobson. The first American, from the seventh London edition. Embellished with two engravings. Boston; Farrand, Mallory, and Co. 1809.

Considerations on the Nature and Efficacy of the Lord's Supper, by the Rev. Vicesimus Knox. To which are added, Prayers composed and used by Samuel Johnson, LL. D. New York, J. Shedden, 1809.

Cælebs in Search of a Wife, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New York; T. & J. Swords.

WORKS PROPOSED.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in the press, The Works of Mrs. Chappone: now first collected. Containing, I. Letters on the improvement of the mind. II. Miscellanies. III. Correspondence with Mr. Richardson. IV. Letters to Mrs. Carter. V. Fugitive pieces. To which is prefixed, An account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own Family. In 4 vols.

T. B. Wait, & Co. Boston, have in the press, remarks on the Brunonian System, by James Jackson, A. A. S. and M. M. S.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manœuvres of the French Infantry, issued August 1, 1791. Abridged. And all the manœuvres added, which have been since adopted by the emperor Napoleon. In two volumes. The second volume to consist of thirty-six plates.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, Lectures on Systematick Theology and Pulpit Eloquence. By the late George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Ed. Principal of Marischal college, Aberdeen.

In the press, and shortly will be published, by William Wells, Court street; Hugo Grotius *De Veritate Religionis Christianae, cum notulis Joannis Clerici. Accesserunt ejusdem "De Eligenda inter Christianos dissentientes sententia"; et "Contra Indifferentiam Religionum."* Libri Duo. Ab editione optima et novissima.

William Hilliard, of Cambridge, proposes to publish by subscription, in 2 vols. 8vo. a Course of Lectures on Rhetorick and Oratory, delivered to the two Senior Classes in Harvard College. By J. Q. Adams, Esq. Subscriptions received by William Wells, Court Street.

Essays on the most important subjects in religion. By Thomas Scott, author of the Commentary on the Bible. One volume, 12mo.

A. Finley, Philadelphia, proposes republishing a History of the Apostles and Evangelists, writers of the New Testament. By Nathaniel Lardner, D. D.

E. & E. Hosmer, Albany, propose by subscription, a work entitled the Testimony of Christ's Second Appearing; containing a general statement of all things pertaining to the faith and practice of the Church of God in this latter day. Published by order of the Ministry in union with the church.

John Morgan, and Thomas S. Manning, Philadelphia, propose republishing Dr. Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language, in 2 vols. quarto, into which will be introduced Mason's Supplement, and Walker's Pronunciation.

Mathias James O'Conway, Philadelphia, proposes to publish by subscription, a Practical Anglo Spanish Grammar, wherein will be exhibited the whole variety of Spanish Construction, illustrated with copious examples, consisting of familiar and commercial phrases.

Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia, propose to publish immediately Helps to Composition, or Skeletons of Sermons. By the Rev. Charles Simeon, M. A. in 5 vols. 8vo.